The SPHERE
Vol. CXXVI. No. 1644 JULY 25, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

Indigestion yields to *fluid* Magnesia

Only fluid magnesia should be taken by Adults or given to Infants.

Solid or powdered magnesia has been proved by eminent Chemists to cause trouble by forming hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

Dinneford's Magnesia is fluid and has been proved for over 100 years to be invaluable for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

GRAND HOTEL DELLE ROSE
RHODES
ÆGEAN ITALIAN ISLANDS

The most agreeable way to reach Egypt from Europe and vice versa. Break your journey stopping one week in Rhodes.

Railway station facing the landing stage. Interpreters at all trains and ships. All facilities.
Full pension (3 meals) from £4 per week (four).

50 hours' steamer from BRINDISI (including 5 hours in Athens) and 15 hours from Alexandria (Egypt).

Telegrams: "HOTROSES, RHODES."

SHOOTING—GOLFING—TENNIS
PRIVATE BEACH.
SEA BATHING ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
Mineral Spring of CALITEA, the Karlsbad of the Near East.
CASINO.

BEETHAMS Larola
1/6 and 2/6 a bottle
Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge) the natural tint. Sifter boxes with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 each.
From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:—
M. BEETHAM AND SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

not only Protects —it Beautifies
Whatever type of beauty may be yours Larola is your safeguard—it keeps your skin unharmed from the effects of wind and sun. And Larola beautifies—by its use your skin is cleansed and toned to a brilliant youthful freshness. Larola imparts a loveliness your complexion never knew before. Ask for Larola at your chemists.

OTARD'S
ESTABº 1795
The Brandy with a Pedigree

ST. MORITZ
Engadine, Switzerland (6,000 ft. altitude).

Golf Championships
(18 and 9 holes Links).
4 International Lawn Tennis Matches.
TROUT FISHING.
RIDING—SWIMMING—MOUNTAIN CLIMBING
All Roads Open to Motor Cars.

The Big Five:
THE GRAND HOTEL
THE KULM HOTELS
THE SUVRETTA
THE PALACE
THE CARLTON

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE
Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR
DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. Ltd., 9, UNION ST., EDINBURGH

MOTOR·UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1.

The EXTRA QUALITY Cigarette

PLAYER'S No. 3

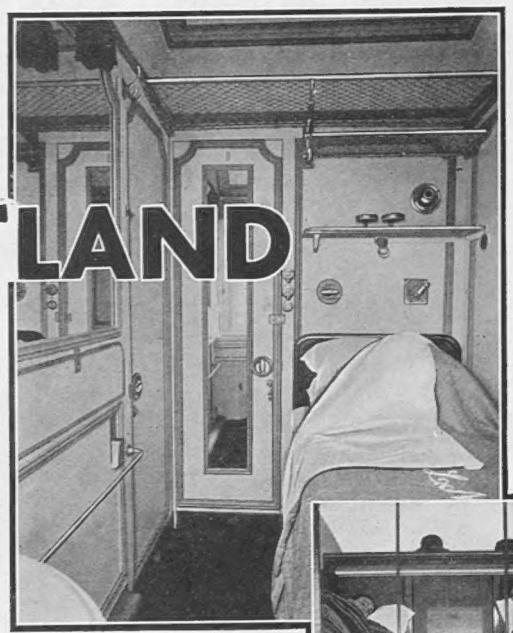
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 *for* 8D
20 *for* 1/4
50 *for* 3/3
100 *for* 6/4
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

3.P.5.A

TO SCOTLAND

BY NIGHT



Third class too!

As the Highlandman, Aberdonian and Night Scotsman, with other L·N·E·R trains from King's Cross speed through the night, their smooth rhythm brings restful sleep to both first and third class passengers.

Ask for Pocket Time-table and Tourist Programme at any L·N·E·R Station or Office, or of the Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2, or L·N·E·R, York.

KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

L·N·E·R

LONDON NON-STOP EDINBURGH ROUTE

TO THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS IN A 20,000 TONS ORIENT LINER!

That is the best introduction to life on board ship for those who do not know whether they will like sea travel.

A steady ship steaming day after day through landlocked waters with magnificent mountain scenery on either hand.

CRUISES TO NORWAY AND NORTHERN CAPITALS

By s.s. "ORONTES" and "ORFORD"

Vast decks for games and exercise, an open air swimming bath and a cuisine and service perfected by forty years' experience of cruising.

Programme from Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.3
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly — Volume CXXVI No. 1644 — Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } — London, July 25, 1931

ABOVE and BELOW the SEA

The remarkable union of submarine and seaplane whereby an under-water boat acts as an aeroplane carrier. When submerged the 'plane is carried inside the submarine and when rising to the surface it is discharged at 50 m.p.h. from the superstructure as the vessel is travelling at full speed. The 'plane can be released within six minutes whenever required

THE MOMENT OF RELEASE: H.M. Submarine "M.2" on test at Gosport catapults its float 'plane at 50 m.p.h., while the sailors get drenched in the rough seas

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 22, 1931.

A Black Week.—Last week was perhaps the blackest of all the black weeks we have known since August, 1914. One gleam of hope emerged. The melting pot is surely boiling over, and new and saner habits of thought must soon be adopted by nations and governments through the stern forces of necessity. In the middle of the week, one could search the newspapers with a small-tooth-comb without finding a single encouraging item. The situation is a little easier now, but here was a day's harvest almost unprecedented in its pessimism even for St. Swithun's Day:

Germany.—Not a ray of hope anywhere.
India.—Bloody rioting in Burma and Kashmir.
France.—Obstinate and unrelenting.
Our Empire.—Proceeding to set in order its economic reconstruction without guidance from or reference to the Mother Country.
England.—"The serious crime of the country is greater to-day than at any time during the last sixty years." Mr. Justice McCardie, in the teeth of official whitewashing statistics.
In Parliament.—Extremist attack on their own party to obstruct attempts to stop abuse of the Dole.
"Next year we shall have a financial crisis greater than any which has faced this country in the memory of living man." — Lord Lothian in the Lords.
Weather.—One-and-a-quarter inches of rain on St. Swithun's Day!
Can you beat it?

Germany's Crash — the Causes.—How far the German people are responsible for the present crisis which has plunged them and Europe in chaos, and how far it was due to the arrogance and folly of their pre-War rulers, we are now seeking to judge. Since that terrible peace was signed, Germany has carried the crippling burden of a mortgage on a substantial part of every article she manufactured. A modern State, like a modern business, depends and lives on credit, and the ultimate cause of the late disaster was unquestionably the rush by foreign lenders to withdraw their short-term loans. For in the state of Europe and Germany nothing was to be had but short-term loans. But the reason for the sudden rush to withdraw is further to seek. Suspicion as to the substance of Germany's credit has been fostered by her own post-War arrogance, by her own political sabre-rattling. The Hitlerites can thank themselves for having gambled with Germany's hardly-won asset, her newly-restored credit. Her government, which arrogantly in secret diplomacy pressed on the details of the Customs Union, can thank itself. And no one can blame France if she resented the necessity for bolstering up German credit with loans and concessions which would be in part employed in equipping terrible engines of war in the shape of pocket battleships. In part, at least, an untimely and an unseemly political arrogance has added to the dead weight that lay already on German reconstruction.

Force of Necessity.—Invention has never had doubts thrown on her parentage. Her mother was Necessity, and no one has ever questioned it. Our necessity gave us fire and chloroform and wireless and the Hoover pronouncement and a hundred things we should never else have gained. And in God's good time it will give us disarmament. Nothing else will. Not a thousand years of pious aspirations and crowded meetings at Albert Halls and expensive Leagues of Nations. America cried suddenly in the night, "Away with these war debt vendettas" because America could not sleep for worrying over her millions invested in Germany. And now all civilization is passing sleepless nights in the hopeless exercise of trying to balance budgets which nothing on earth but wholesale disarmament can ever balance. One day we shall achieve a measure of this ideal, and I believe that day is not so far distant. And when it comes we shall crown some fortunate mouthpiece of some government or other as a seer and a superman. And Necessity will wink at the gods on Olympus who will stifle their laughter politely.

The Macmillan Report. — The Macmillan Committee's Report on Finance and Industry is of immense importance. It deals with subjects so intricate that, even in the simplest language, they remain Greek to most so-called educated men. Most of us in our hot youth have tried (and failed) to master that classic child's-guide, "Lombard Street"; and it is tantalizing, if we consider the obvious importance of this largely unanimous agreement by widely divergent schools of economists for revolutionary reforms in our monetary policy, that the report should remain beyond our comprehension. I am going to try in child's-guide language to explain what I believe to be one "revolutionary" change in banking policy now proposed.

The Bank of England does two businesses.

(1) The business of an ordinary bank. It receives money from customers on a contract to repay on demand.
(2) It issues banknotes as formerly many private banks did.

Now, suppose that to-day my bankers, Messrs. Coutts, issued Coutts banknotes, the certainty of my getting back my money would depend on Coutts' solvency. This would apply equally to the Bank of England *if* the two functions of doing an ordinary banking business *and* of issuing notes were one and indivisible. But they are two and distinct, having been made so by Peel's old Act which is still in force.

Peel's Act.—This is the gist of Peel's measure. From old time the Government of this country has owed the Bank of England a very large sum—I forget how much—on which it pays interest. Peel's Act provided that the Bank must keep in gold coin and bullion enough to cover the full amount of its Note Issue *less* the debt owed it by the Government. This provision gave absolute security for the notes issued. One of the proposals of Lord Macmillan's Committee is that this absolute cover should no longer be enforced by law. That is, the Bank's two duties will henceforth be fused. This is only one point in a far-reaching survey. The report is economic as well as financial in its scope, and reveals how wide has grown the belief that our tariff policy is outworn. The minority report of Lord Bradbury, moreover, deserves far more notice than the Press has accorded it, because of its blunt courage and merciless logic.

The One Gleam.—In all the darkness I see one bright gleam—a great and general reaction coming in against the licence and blind selfishness of the age. Even if these reactionary movements owe their origin to financial considerations in part, they are none the less welcome and overdue. The will to disarmament, I am convinced, will come as I have indicated sooner than we could hope in more normal times. The brotherhood of nations is forcing itself on our attention because international individualism is bringing civilization to destruction. Then we observe a strong reaction in America against yellow journalism that takes no thought for the decencies and humanities in the blind struggle for circulation. And in England at long last there are definite signs that the loose and futile film censorship, which for some years has suffered to proceed the corruption of our youth and the destruction of our taste and sense of decency, can endure no longer. The production of tasteless American films in this country doesn't pay. (It is a bright, new discovery, that after all taste and decency pay best.) The dumping of American tripe has hit both England and America very hard. America is in despair because the average Englishman inevitably sees all American life and morality through the yellow and purple spectacles of American poison films. And the cinema industry in this country, by producing 70 per cent. of matter unfit for adolescents (not to say, adults) loses its most valuable clientèle, the children.

Sunday Theatres.—Sunday opening of theatres has been vetoed by a big majority. The long drawn-out struggle has been remarkable for a rare amount of contradiction of facts and weak-as-water argument. The theatre chiefs completely contradicted each other, while upholding the innovation. One said the theatre was a dying industry, the other that it was never so prosperous. *The Times*, in a leader, rejoiced in the rejection of the amendment, taking its stand on the sanctity of Sunday as a day of rest for Christians, and still so recognized by the State. On that account there seemed to be a joint in the harness of *Times* logic when the leader wound up with the conclusion that if the theatre amendment had been carried it might have jeopardized the whole Bill for secularizing Sunday. I am not blind to the distinction between showing cinema films and performing plays on Sunday. In the former case the whole cast may well be attending church at Hollywood while delighting audiences on the screen all over the world. But while the film censorship remains what it is, Sunday cinema performances may be trusted to secularize Sunday to the limits of paganism.

Late Night Final.—I felt, as I sat enthralled in the Phœnix, that England would never deserve the bitter corrective of *Late Night Final*. If we have sometimes groused at our Press, we have groused (much as we grouse about cricket) because we are proud of it. For after all, Fleet Street is full of humanity and decency and charity—yes, and of restraint. And if it is true that our public must have a "story" all the time, it is at least easily satisfied with a bowdlerized, impersonal story. But what a gamut of heartrending emotion Mr. Massey has given us, what a pattern of restraint in tragedy is that little masterpiece of Louise Hampton's. How rare, to sit engrossed at once in the theme, in the story which develops the theme and in the stage devices which develop the story. In *Late Night Final* dramatic genius has captured each one of the special aids hitherto sacred to the film, and mixed them with flesh and blood to produce for us quite the most interesting stage production of our generation. I do not remember to have been so much moved, nor so much stimulated by new ideas, since I saw my first play in green youth. And isn't it thrilling to know that at long last America has risen in her disgust and registered so magnificently her reaction against the scavenging wolves of her Press! This, in its way, is almost as significant as Hoover's pronouncement of a new habit of mind in international relations. *Late Night Final* is a tremendous warning even to those who do not, as yet, deserve such censure. It is a world cry of "Halt to indecency. Respect our privacy!"

THE NAVY BY NIGHT: A vivid impression of the searchlight display given by ships of the Atlantic Fleet, anchored in Torbay, to the delight of visitors to Torquay and the neighbouring Devon towns. At Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham, from August 1 to 8, Navy Week is being held and spectacles of this type will be the order of the day

Oxford's Decadence—a Fallacy.—Here is a subject to which I promised to return. The idea that Oxford had grown "decadent" grew entirely out of the long sequence of Cambridge victories in the boat race and an uneven balance of successes at Lord's in recent years. As an Oxford man and a faithful believer in the logic of statistical figures, let me set out the true facts of this season's contests. There are twenty-five inter-'Varsity events annually competed in, and of these Oxford have won eleven. Had she been successful in ju-jitsu, one of the twenty-five events, we should have shown no excitement at the time, but to-day we should be able to declare that the Universities were as equal as may be in prowess. Oxford has shown her marked superiority over Cambridge this season in the ancient games of cricket and golf, the manly sports of hockey and ice hockey, the strenuous business of cross-country running and swimming, in lacrosse and skiing, in rackets and polo. Cambridge's victories include the gentle arts of billiards, fencing, tennis, squash, badminton, and (I repeat) ju-jitsu. Now, which is the decadent University?

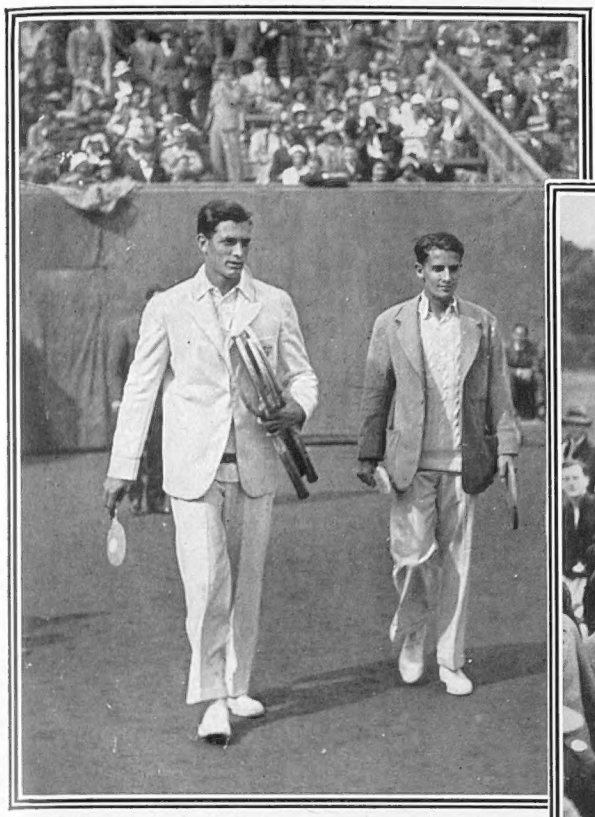
Cost of Men's Clothes.—The latest dumping evil is men's suits from Poland now being offered to retailers at 12s. 6d. Arising out of this question I will tell a story. I have a friend who prides himself on his clothes. We got talking about the cost of living. We decided to value the clothes he stood up in, at cost. Suit 14 guineas; shirt, 21s.; collar, 1s. 6d.; tie, 6s. 6d.; vest and drawers, 30s.; socks, 6s. 6d.; shoes, 4 guineas; total, £22 3s. 6d. I then said: "I will undertake to appear in public in your presence fully and fashionably dressed in similar clothes at one-tenth of the cost." He laughed me to scorn and forgot about the affair. I visited the Strand and I bought: flannel suit, 18s. 6d.; shirt, 4s. 6d.; collar, 9d.; tie, 3d.; vest and drawers, 3s. 6d.; socks, 1s. 3d.; shoes, tanned, 18s. 9d.; total, £2 7s. 6d. I kept my bargain scrupulously. But my friend, who does not shop farther east than Bond Street, still refuses to believe that the fashionable figure he was proud to greet was produced at the cost of a couple of his shirts. Certain it is that never in our history were men's clothes—decent, adequate clothes—so cheap as to-day. I may say that I am wearing the tie as I write. I found it in a certain very popular store where I get my gardening gloves, one pair per week. It is of good-looking silk fabric, and of a rare colour which exactly suits my style of beauty. It cost 3d.

Return of the Ostrich.—Yesterday the ostrich was a drug in the market—to scores of South African farmers very much what a string of hunters is to a frost-bound fox-hunting man. To-day he is once more pampered and admired for his gold-bearing feathers. *Redeunt Victoriana regna!* Paris so decrees it and civilized woman follows. If only the Paris dress arbiters could be corrupted, what would we not pay them! Luton would pour out gold in exchange for a decree that the straw-boater of 1893 was to return. And magnificent bribes would reward considered decrees for the return of whalebone, crinolines, starch, red flannel petticoats, elastic-sided boots, cotton gloves, woollen respirators, shawls, and bustles. It is high time that woman who has suffered so much and so long to be beautiful should now suffer in the cause of duty and patriotism. Why not decree the whole bag of tricks in one fell swoop? Surely this is a big idea. I feel certain that man would see through these sacrifices a rarer beauty in his womenfolk.

THE OLD STAGER.

SPORT *and* POLITICS

An Illustrated "Who's Who" of the Week



"A FAMOUS VICTORY": H. W. Austin and F. X. Shields, whose match, won by the former, let Great Britain into the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup for the first time since 1919

A VERY NIMROD: Sergeant A. G. Fulton, who won the King's Prize at Bisley for the third time, chaired and cheered by the enthusiastic crowd which appreciated to the full his magnificent effort. His score was 285

IN HIGH HOPE: Britain's Wightman Cup Team sails for the U.S.A. From left to right, *Miss Round, Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall (Miss Eileen Bennett), Miss Mudford, Mrs. Shepherd Barron (captain), and Miss Betty Nuthall*

SAFETY FIRST: Sir Alan Cobham tests a collapsible boat which he is to take with him on his projected flight to the Central African lakes in a Short-Bristol monoplane seaplane. The "Knight of the Air," who is to cover 12,000 miles, seems skilful with the sculls

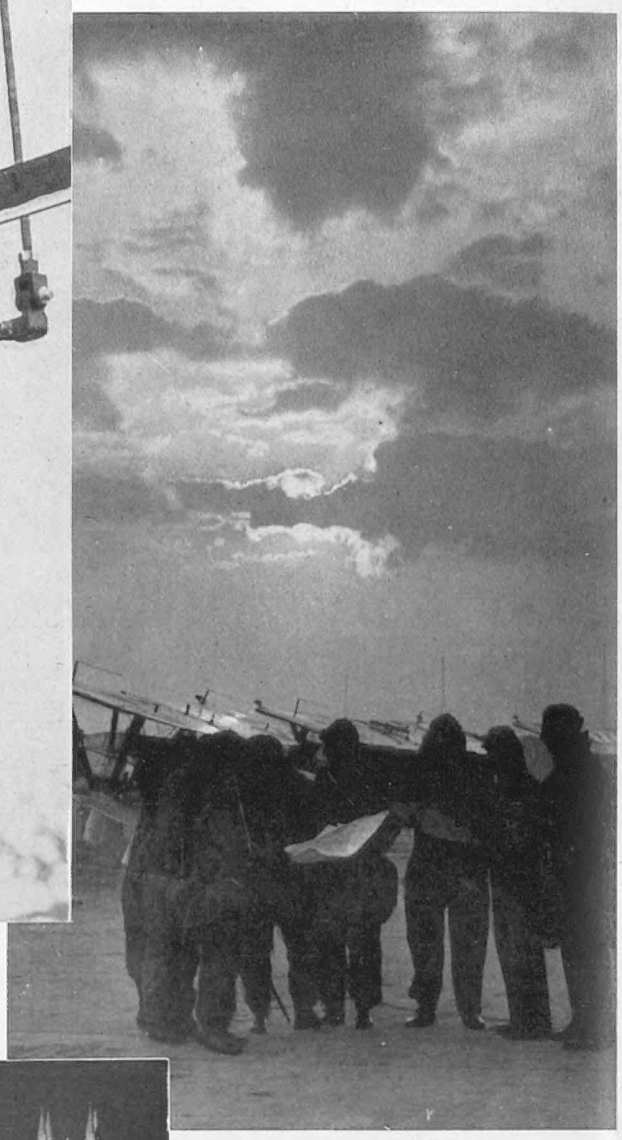
A QUEEN FINDS ASYLUM IN LONDON: Princess Hélène of Rumania (whom it is forbidden by King Carol to call Queen) glimpsed at Victoria en route *to stay with her mother, the Dowager ex-Queen of Greece*

WISE MEN OF THE EAST: King Feisal of Iraq and Mustapha Kemal Pasha caught by the camera at Cankaya, the residence of the Ghazi, during the visit of the former to Angora. Both potentates, ardent admirers of things European, are extremely Occidental in appearance

WAR *in the* AIR

Scenes During the Week's Aerial Attack on London to Test the Existing Air Defence

SOMEWHERE IN KENT: A telephonist and a projector controller attached to a 120 cm. searchlight. Daylight practice was held as well as that at night. The technique of aerial manoeuvres bids fair to rival those of the Navy in precision as in electrical ingenuity



THE DAWN PATROL: Pilots awaiting their orders to attack or defend in the London manoeuvres

LONDON FLOOD-LIT: On Tuesday night there was the double sight of watching the red and green lights of the "warring" 'planes and the Capital lit by special Holophane lighting

READY FOR ANYTHING: Pilots awaiting the clarion call to duty at Kenley, Surrey. The manoeuvres of the past week have exceeded in scope any former practice evolutions both in respect of numbers employed and of area traversed. The mimic war proved that the standard of the R.A.F. equalled (nothing could exceed) that it achieved in 1918

SOMEWHERE IN ESSEX: A pilot finds his cockpit the reverse of roomy when burdened with his parachute. The confines of the "war" extended all over Greater London, including parts of Essex, Kent and Surrey

MARINE MATTERS *of a* MARITIME RACE

THE ELECTRIC P. & O.: Strathaird, *launched last Saturday by Lady Margaret Shaw at Vickers-Armstrongs' yard, Barrow-in-Furness*

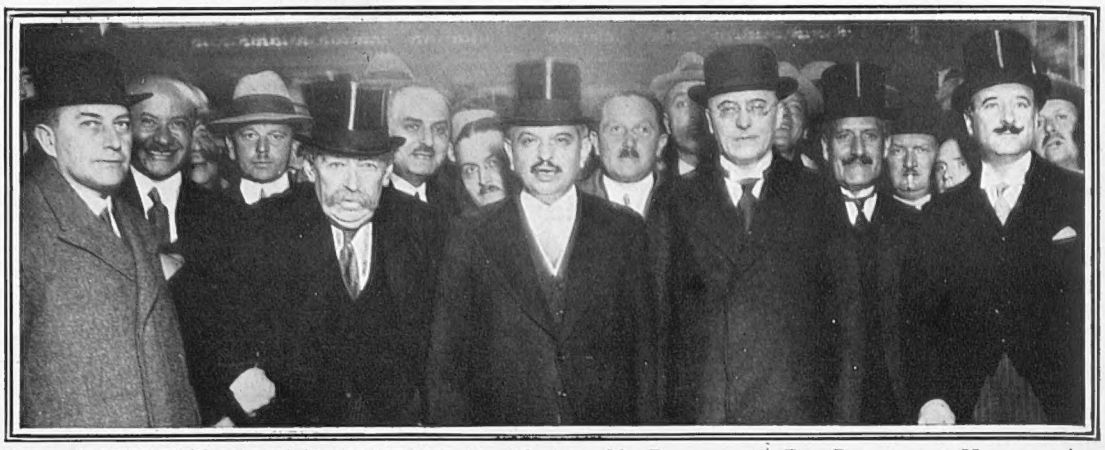
OFF THE CORNISH COAST: A tense moment during the race for big yachts, organized by the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club, during Falmouth Regatta. The King's yacht, Britannia, *is seen leading Sir Thomas Lipton's defeated U.S. challenger,* Shamrock V. Britannia, *however, retired and the event was won by Sir Thomas's entry*

The electrically propelled Peninsular and Oriental liner *Strathaird* was successfully launched from Vickers-Armstrongs' naval construction yard, Barrow, last Saturday. The launching weight was approximately 14,000 tons. Lord Inchcape, chairman of the company, was present, together with Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham, Lord Glenapp, Mr. Alexander and Lady Margaret Shaw, Sir Bhupendra Nath Mitra, High Commissioner for India, and General Sir Herbert Lawrence, chairman of Vickers-Armstrongs. In the absence of Lady Inchcape, owing to indisposition, her daughter, Lady Margaret Shaw, performed the ceremony. Sir Herbert Lawrence said that at present they were employing, in Barrow, nearly 12,000 workpeople, which, considering the grave condition of trade, gave them cause for gratification. The P. and O. contract meant £2,500,000 to Barrow-in-Furness. The *Strathaird* and her sister ship the *Strathnaver* are the two largest vessels ever built for the P. and O. The *Strathaird*, like her sister the *Strathnaver*, is 22,000 tons gross, has an overall length of 664 ft., with beam of 80 ft., and is electrically driven, having 28,000 shaft horse power. The electric motive power has the great advantages of perfect silence and eliminating vibration, because the engines give flexibility with easy handling.

CRISIS *on the* CONTINENT

Europe Faces Her Most Acute Financial Crisis Since the War

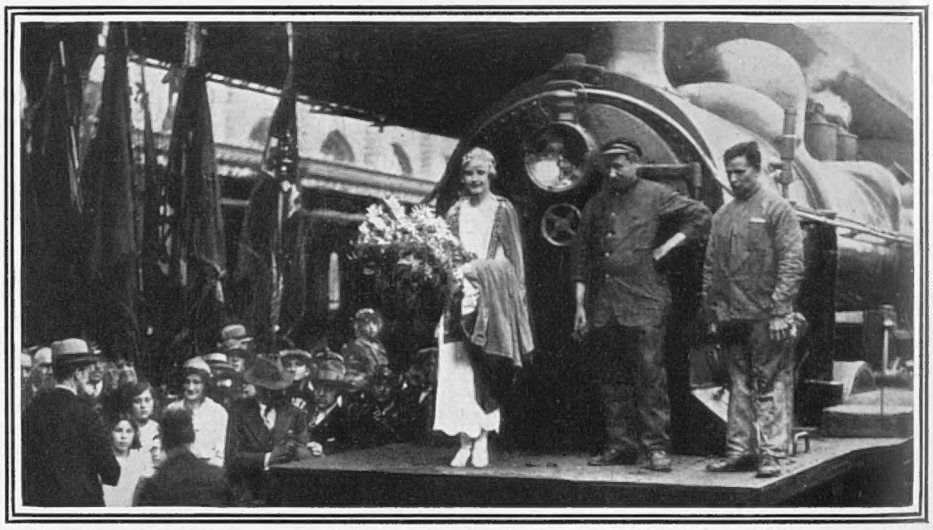
A KING HONOURS HIS UNCLE: King Albert of the Belgians unveils the statue to King Leopold II, his uncle whom he succeeded, at Ostend. The scene was gay with banners and tumultuous with enthusiasm



THE CONTINENT MOVES TO LONDON: Dr. Curtius, M. Briand, and Dr. Bruening at Victoria when the German envoys arrived for the Seven Power Conference on World Finance. France has offered a loan of £100,000,000, a direct consequence of the Hoover Moratorium offer

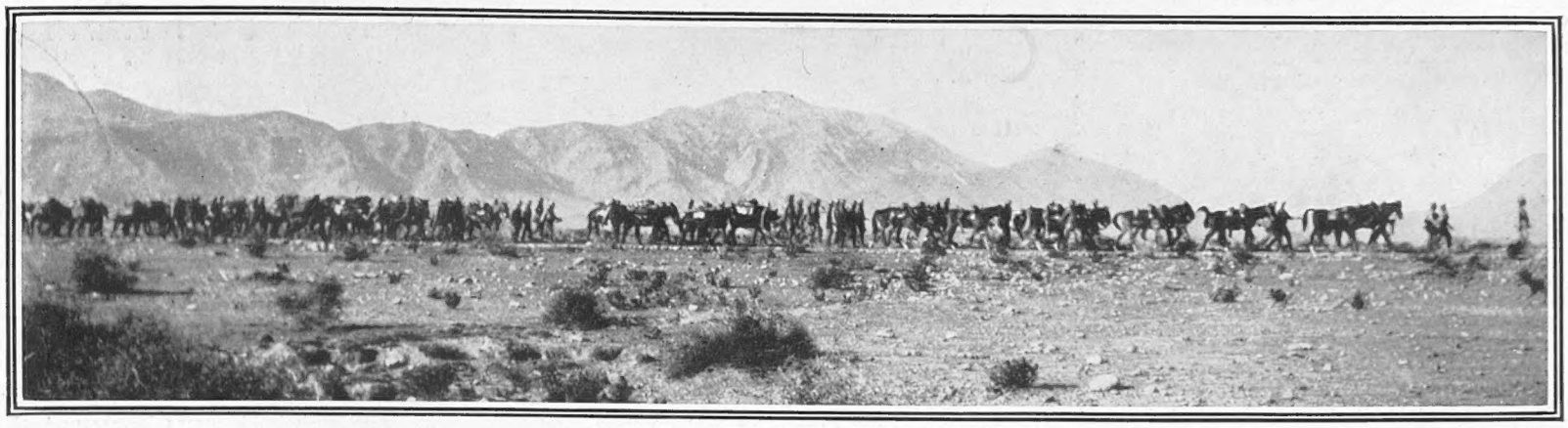
A PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION: M. Paul Doumer received fifty Sudanese tribal chieftains in the Elysée Palace a day or two ago. They were presented by the Colonial Secretary of their own colour, M. Diagne, who is seen standing near the President. The sable chiefs came over for the International Colonial Exhibition

THE U.S. IN FRANCE: Mr. Andrew Mellon, Mr. Walter Edge, the Ambassador in Paris, and Mr. Henry L. Stimson arrive at the French Foreign Office for financial discussion on the German loan



ENGLAND'S RAILWAY QUEEN IN BELGIUM: Miss Lily Dumelow, elected Railway Queen of England for 1931, was greeted with enthusiasm in Belgium. She is seen above on the engine of the train which took her to Brussels

On right—*BRITISH WEEK IN FRANCE: The Duke and Duchess of York went to Paris to inaugurate British Week at the International Colonial Exposition in the Bois de Vincennes. The royal procession is here seen leaving the exhibition to the salute of the picturesque French Colonial troops. The enthusiasm with which T.R.H. were greeted proved that the* Entente Cordiale *is, despite the gossip to the contrary, as warm-hearted as it was at its foundation by Edward VII*



HOMEWARD BOUND: A battery, having suppressed trouble, returning to Peshawar

THREE FIGURES *in the* SHADE

The North West Frontier—Where the "He-Men" Really Live

By VERNON BLAIR

PESHAWAR, NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

Here is the realization of the romantic novelists' dreams, the place where men are men, and where women are . . . well, the women are severely reprimanded when they stray out of the enclosures of British security.

The Frontier has not always been like this. There have been times when the romantic novelists have come up here, bristling with arms, and have found a gay social community, hunting, tennis playing, dancing. They have been disappointed. The novelists wanted thrills a-plenty and the evidences of sudden death. They wanted the mystery of bazaars as they had been led to believe they existed. They got only the smell of the bazaar which, happily for adventure, exists always whether life be earnest or life be gay and social.

But they would have their fill of adventure in these days. They might even find it cumbersome on their freedom. They would find their he-men duly cumbered with arms, their officers nonchalant but nevertheless prepared. They would find bayonets in plenty to suit them, and all the paraphernalia of the martial race about the civil life.

They would find men like gods. Men swaggering into the bar at the huge club whose lives are in their own hands; whose lives have been threatened; whose names have been found in various documents intercepted by the C.I.D. as the men next to be marked down by the assassin.

These men will joke at the bar about their threatened lives, the while toying with the evening drink, shooting a cuff and showing a fine leg in regimental overalls, broad coloured stripe down the seam, white monkey jacket lined with the medals of another Front.

All this at three figures and more in the shade, which wants some doing when you consider your London "heat-waves" of 70 degrees.

You will find men sitting under the punkah in offices where the lives of thousands of unruly hillmen are discussed and debated. From these offices go the commands which circulate over a vast plain inhabited in scattered forts by British soldiers. From these officers go the orders to bomb from the air or to make peace. A land as big as England and bigger is controlled by this man you see laughing and joking and talking about his pay.

Yesterday I flew over enemy country. We shot into the air with a blast like that of a furnace striking our faces. Then we turned to the hills, and we could see in the distance the snowcaps of the mountains. We flew over the great plain where there are four forts held by Indian troops. British officers were down there writing orders, keeping a strict discipline, seeing each night to the machine-gun posts 20 yards out along the trench, which could rake the barbed wire protecting the mud walls.

They sleep, these men, under canvas in these broiling Frontier nights, and the only luxury they possess is the matting covering which is packed securely on top of the canvas to keep off the wicked sun. Night after night there are chance shots into the camps, and the rat-tat of the machine-gun post, firing fruitlessly into the hills.

We swooped down upon the foothills and saw the white specks which indicate to the experienced observer the presence of caves wherein dwell the Afridis, trying their luck at night on the British camps. Outlaws these, who prey upon the lawful and who would sneak a rifle and count it a lucky gain even if a cut throat is the price.

Down in these camps the British officers spend their days, unable to leave, unable to take exercise, unable to meet a friend of their own kin. Sometimes an inspecting officer comes down and shares their loneliness for a few hours. Sometimes the loneliness is relieved, but only by a short and swift tour round the district in a motor-car along roads laboriously built from the flat desert escorted by scouts.

So we looked down upon the forts in the Kajura Plain, the stamping ground of the brigands of the East, where battles have been fought for the sake of a few miles of bare ground, and for the sake of the dignity of the Afghan, his "face," as he calls his pride.

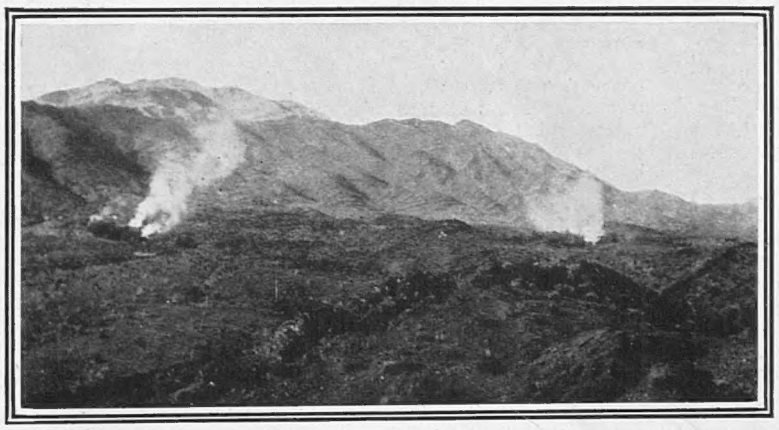
But here in Peshawar we count ourselves in the height of luxury. The cigars and the talk are dry. Foreheads and mess dinners are very wet. We wear London dinner-jackets and local-made white trousers. The evening dress cult is really pure blaséness, for we sit down to dinners of watery fish, impoverished mutton, wretched salad, tired jellies. The coffee is as acid as the night is starry, and sometimes we turn from the pathetic evidences of England triumphant, and look at the heavens which could be nowhere but in the East.

For the sky is packed with stars, bright with them, and in the dusk over the hills there still seems to linger a whiteness, as if the night was loth to give way to the staring daytime. Out there in the plain the British officers are changing, too, for dinner, reviving that old custom of the Army which is the joke and a matter for reverence of the foreigner. He changes for dinner though none can see him but his Sikhs, chattering in the dusk of their tents.

We lunch at half-past two and we breakfast at ten, after three hours' work. We sleep in the afternoon because we take best advantage of the best time of the day, which is after eight o'clock in the evening. We go to bed under the whirling fans, or out in the open with the table fans, at 2 a.m. We rise at six because just before the sun comes across the veranda there is a time when there seems to be a mist and a delicious coolth, when it is good to be alive. But that lasts only a little time, and we plunge into a bath, then into a topee, and go to bad-tempered work, thinking perhaps of a summer morning on the river near Maidenhead.

Here is life, here is death, here is the realization of both. Here we go to church between armed guards, drive to the club between bayonets, sleep with the steady tramp of sentries outside the doors. Every other light-hearted man at this outdoor bar has seen the rifles of the enemy pointed at him in the hills. He reads the illustrated papers serenely, laughs at the antics of Society, longs for Piccadilly, discusses his next leave.

Truly, the romantic novelist would come into his own on the North-West Frontier in these days.



VILLAGES GO UP IN SMOKE: A commonplace of the North-West Frontier is the strife which burns settlements as rubbish. The villages Algadi and Zao are here seen blazing merrily

THE PATHWAY OF CIVILIZATION: The new motor-road through the Kohat Pass between the Indus and the mountains of Afghanistan

The RIDDLE *of the* SANDS

Germany's post-war Navy

By A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT

There was just one spot in Kiel at which the visiting British officers were not invited by their German hosts to make themselves perfectly at home three weeks ago. Almost hidden in a cluster of rusting battleships and out-of-work tramps lies the slim and graceful hull of the *Deutschland*, the pride of German naval hopes, and the first of the "pocket" battleships. Since her launching by President Hindenburg last May this fateful ship has been wrapped in mystery. Her hull, however, has been painted the official light grey of the German Navy, and a rim of red-lead high above the water-line tells the observer that she has yet to receive her heavy armament.

The quarter deck—as befits a vessel in a navy burdened by no quarter-deck traditions—seems a mere slot in her stern; but the position of her one lean, long, streamlined funnel can be detected.

On the occasion of the British naval visit, H.M.S. *Dorsetshire* and H.M.S. *Norfolk*—our two latest light cruisers—took up positions well over a mile away from the Deutsche Works, where the new vessel has been building now for nearly three years. A good idea of what the term "pocket" battleship means may be gathered from a comparison between the *Dorsetshire* and the *Deutschland*.

Germany is not allowed to build men-of-war of more than 10,000 tons displacement. The *Deutschland* is just that, and no more. All the mechanical ingenuity of German genius has gone into the reduction of weight for this ship; new kinds of Krupp steel have been used, and the whole hull has been electrically welded.

The *Dorsetshire*, too, is of 10,000 tons, so that, in general external measurements, the two types are much of the same size. But the British light-cruiser carries only eight 8-in. guns, while the *Deutschland* will—if and when she is finished—have six 11-in. guns. The secondary armament of the *Dorsetshire* includes four 4-in. anti-aircraft and four 3-pounders, as compared to the German's eight 6-in. guns and four 3.4-in. anti-aircraft.

The engines which will drive the *Deutschland* through the water at 26 knots are of a new Diesel type said to save 600 tons in weight, and among many other new devices about which semi-secrecy is being preserved is the construction of the 11-in. guns, which can fire a 700-lb. projectile 33,000 yards. All this will cost Germany—or her creditors—£4,000,000, which is roughly 80,000,000 marks, a sum of money which would have been a godsend to the Berlin exchequer in the past month.

The visiting British cruisers had a fairly comprehensive view of the German Navy as it is to-day, a force whose vessels span some half-century of construction. The flagship of the Baltic Fleet is the *Schleswig-Holstein*, a battleship of 13,000 tons, built in 1906 and armed with four 11-in. guns. Her sister ship is the *Schlesien*, while the *Hannover*, *Braunschweig*, *Elsass*, *Hessen*, and *Lothringen*—all pre-war vessels—boast roughly the same armament and tonnage. The first six named of these vessels are now in commission.

The cruiser, pride of Germany's "pocket" navy, is *Leipzig*, of only 6,000 tons displacement, but armed with no fewer than nine 5.9-in. guns and twelve torpedo-tubes, all above water.

The other cruisers are the *Königsberg*, *Karlsruhe* and *Koln*, with nine 6-in. guns apiece (in triple turrets), and the *Emden* with eight 6-in. guns. This, with a motley collection of craft dating as far back as the 'nineties, is all that is left of the once-mighty High Seas Fleet of Germany!

Yet perhaps it was neither the new "pocket" battle-cruisers, nor even the *Deutschland* herself that afforded the real riddle of the sand-girted haven of Kiel.

What struck the visiting British officers most was the fine physique, the technical efficiency and—if one can bring oneself to write the word—the fighting spirit of the officers and men of the German Navy to-day. Practically all the lower deck ratings are men so young that they have had no memory of the disintegrating war years of the old High Seas Fleet. Like their brothers in the army, even the ordinary seamen are trained up to chief petty officer rank in the various branches, without, of course, achieving that actual rank in stripes.

All the senior officers are picked men from the old navy, excellent types both physically and mentally. Their naturally royalist tendencies are pandered to in a curious, but exceedingly sympathetic way. There is in Kiel the only surviving Imperialist club in Germany. It is called the Kaiserlichen Yacht Club, and was founded by the ex-Kaiser. Although the officers of the Republic are forbidden to become members, they—like the visiting British guests—are allowed to enter the club with a non-service member. Thus, with no Government commitment, there is preserved in the very heart of Kiel a sort of shrine of the former glories of German naval supremacy.

The new riddle of the sands!

Granted even that a five-years' peace plan is achieved this year, what will happen then? Germany has managed to keep her naval pride intact at Kiel for twelve disastrous years. The dockyard—the whole town—seems superficially as busy as Portsmouth. Five years? Ten years? And what then?

THUNDER *in the* AIR

July's Strange Weather

By E. L. HAWKE, M.A., F.R.A.S., F,R.Met.S.

(Meteorological Superintendent of Hampstead Observatory)

It is a common belief that thunderstorms are essentially phenomena of hot weather. This is true in some parts of the world, but so far as the British Isles are concerned any such theory is completely refuted by the behaviour of the present summer. One of the season's chief characteristics has been its failure to give us anything in the nature of a heat wave.

According to the statistics kept at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the highest shade temperature up to the middle of this week was a mere 81 degrees—on the afternoon of July 12. That may be described as comfortable warmth, and nothing more. In past years it has often been exceeded before the middle of May, while once, in 1865, a higher figure was registered as early in the Spring as April 27. The Greenwich records show that there has been no other year since 1890 in which the thermometer did not mount above 81 degrees on at least one occasion before the end of the third week in July. This lack of hot days has been general throughout the country; the only place that has officially beaten the Royal Observatory's maximum of 81 degrees is Tunbridge Wells, where 82 degrees was attained on June 14.

Evidently, therefore, the summer must rank as an exceptionally cool one so far. And yet it has been notable for the frequency and severity of its thunderstorms. To list the dates of their incidence would occupy too much space, for there have seldom been more than three successive days without thunder in one part of the British Isles or another.

In order to understand the association of persistently thundery weather with this summer's lack of any real heat it is necessary to go very briefly into the mechanism of thunderstorms. There are several types of storm, but in the causation of all of them there are two common factors: (1) an ample supply of moisture throughout the lower reaches of the atmosphere, and (2) a big decrease of temperature upwards from the earth's surface, this being essential for the production of the rapid vertical currents of air whose visible manifestation is the familiar black-based, cauliflower-topped thundercloud.

In a wet summer, such as we have endured in most parts of Britain this year, the first of these two factors is seldom lacking. The second of them may be brought into existence in several ways: (*a*) by intense sun-heating of the layers of air near the ground; (*b*) by the setting in of a warm surface-wind beneath a cold upper wind; and (*c*) by the conveyance of warmth from land or sea to the lowest strata of a mass of air derived from the Arctic regions or some other reservoir of cold.

Intense sun-heating gives rise to the occasional violent and spectacular storms of a torrid and otherwise fine season. But this summer it is the other two processes that have generally been at work. Either a current of humid and relatively warm air has drifted in around an Atlantic cyclone while the atmosphere up aloft was still abnormally cold, or else the nethermost part of a vast downrush of Polar air has eventually gathered enough warmth from ground or ocean to set up the "instability" necessary for the formation of a thunderstorm. All through the summer Britain's weather has been controlled almost exclusively by cyclonic systems of Atlantic origin. Anti-cyclones, of which there has been a remarkable dearth in the neighbourhood of our islands for many months, serve to prevent thunderstorms, not only by creating downward currents of air but also by providing a canopy of warmth in the upper atmosphere that is wholly inimical to them.

Some of the greatest thunderstorms of which we have any record in this country have occurred during the prevalence of definitely cool weather, and in the course of dismally wet seasons. The reason for this should now be clear.

In England, the summer of 1879 was one of the rainiest and coldest of the last century; and yet, on a chilly night at the beginning of August in that year, London was visited by a storm in which there was a peal of thunder that lasted for twenty minutes without a break, according to official timing at Kew Observatory. This freak was accompanied by a cataract of giant hailstones, which ranged upwards to four and a half inches in length and did many thousands of pounds worth of damage.

In more recent times, the storm responsible for the second largest amount of rain ever recorded within one day in England (9.40 in., at Cannington, Somerset, on August 19, 1924) took place during a spell of very cool weather, and in the midst of an excessively wet season.

It will be called that during the wonderful summer of 1921 we enjoyed week after week of scorching sunshine and intense heat, with scarcely a thunderstorm to mar it. This was due to the good offices of a persistent anticyclone, which in the first place made the atmosphere too dry, and in the second place kept its upper layers too warm for the development of such storms.

To put the whole matter in a nutshell, a wet, cool summer is almost always thundery; a fine, hot summer sometimes is and sometimes is not.

FLYING *in* ROUGH WEATHER

Its Dangers and Disasters

By C. G. GREY

(Editor of "The Aeroplane)

People who are interested in flying but have not flown much are rather apt to get wrong ideas about the effect of bad weather on aeroplanes and aviators alike. As a matter of fact, wind as such does not in itself add directly to the danger of flying. That is to say so long as an aeroplane is in the air the wind cannot do it any harm. In fact, very often a howling gale which is blowing trees down and lifting roofs up on the ground may be perfectly smooth and flat at a height of a couple of thousand feet. A very strong wind is seldom a turbulent wind.

Where a strong wind becomes dangerous is that it is apt to blow an aeroplane over after it has landed, or it may cause dangerous swirls and eddies round buildings and hill tops, and over rows of trees, which eddies may cause an aeroplane to get out of the control of an inexperienced pilot, and so cause a crash when the machine is just getting off or just landing. So far as actual bumps or jolts in the air are concerned one is just as likely to get them on a flat, calm day, as on a windy day.

Pilots who have flown along the Coast of Greece tell me that they have had worse up-and-down currents there than anywhere else. But Royal Air Force pilots who have flown over the North-West Frontier of India tell me that they have had the same kind of thing over the mountains in that area. Probably the Greek currents would be worse, because the air over the sea would be comparatively cool, and this air coming in contact with the baked rocks along the coast, and expanding and riding would cause terrific ascending currents which would give an aeroplane a very serious jolt.

One pilot told me that the worst jolt he ever had, though it was purely momentary, was when he took a seaplane off in a Greek harbour and flew over the quay. The day was very hot and the stonework of the quay must have been somewhere near boiling-point. He said that when the seaplane hit the up current he really thought for the moment that the wings were coming off, and that the feeling was just like being pitched into the air in a car when one strikes a donkey-back bridge at high speed unexpectedly.

Sudden jolts of that sort are not likely to damage any modern aeroplane. The system of inspection of design before an aeroplane is built and of construction while it is in process of building which the Air Ministry instituted when civil aviation first began in 1919 is so thorough that any British aeroplane is strong enough to stand any shock of that kind.

Strange though the statement may sound the majority of fatal and serious accidents to civil aviators, and even to Service aviators, happen not because aeroplanes are unreliable but because they are too reliable. People in these days learn to fly so easily with our present perfect system of instruction that after a few hours they are capable of flying alone and of landing on a prepared aerodrome. Then they go flying across country depending entirely on their engines not to let them down, and they find that quick journeys are so enjoyable that they never take the trouble to practise landing in awkward places.

The result is that when an engine does go wrong, or when they run unexpectedly into fog on low ground, or into low clouds on high ground, and are forced to alight in some entirely unknown field they are apt to make a mistake in doing so, with the result that at best they wreck their aeroplane and at worst kill themselves.

The most common cause of fatal accidents is that the pilot, having made up his (or her) mind to bring the machine down into a certain field finds when he gets near the field that it is not so long as he expected, or that he is travelling faster than he thought he was. He sees that if he goes on gliding at that speed he will run into a hedge or a wall on the opposite side of the field and certainly wreck the machine. To try to avoid such an accident he pulls the tail of the machine down and the nose up, and tries to reduce his gliding speed. The result is that the wings stall, as it is called, which means that they lose their lift. Then the nose of the machine drops, and it dives to the ground head first.

If a modern aeroplane stalls at a height of 300 ft. or so it will gather enough speed before it hits the ground to bring it under control again, but these fatal stalls generally happen at a height of somewhere between 50 and 100 ft., so that there is no room in which to recover.

Some day all aeroplanes of all kinds, Service and civil, will be fitted with air-brakes so as to reduce their speed in the air and prevent them from gliding too far, and they will be fitted with wheel-brakes to prevent them from running after they have actually touched the ground. And then the number of fatal accidents will be considerably reduced because pilots will not be afraid of overshooting the field at which they are aiming.

We in this country waited for something like over fifteen years after they were invented before we fitted four-wheel brakes on motor-cars, so we cannot expect to have air-brakes and wheel-brakes on aeroplanes all at once.

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY

ON AN AERIAL WEEK-END: A group of French light aeroplane enthusiasts who flew to England for a week-end. On the Sunday afternoon they flew to Cambridge to visit the colleges and are seen above at Messrs. Marshall's Flying School, Cambridge

THE WINNER OF THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE MEDAL: Shigo-Ko-Hama, the head nurse of the Japanese Red Cross, a society which awards the medal for exceptional merit only. This is the first occasion the society has awarded it in Japan

inset above: WEDDING A LA RUSSE: Mr. A. J. Wright, a blind American millionaire, and Mlle Tatiana Mosoloba were married by the Bishop of Norwich at Lady Curzon's house; a second ceremony seen above, according to the picturesque Greek rite, was held at the Russian Church

A DISTINGUISHED FEMININE "BALL-BOY": The Hon. Mrs. Lucius Cary, the wife of the Master of Falkland, who before her marriage was Miss Joan Southey, undertakes an arduous task during the Frinton-on-Sea tournament

THE PINK OF DIPLOMACY: Sir Ronald Lindsey, the Ambassador to the U.S.A., with Messrs. Roger Makin and Kenneth Bewdley, two attachés, attend a game of baseball

GREECE IN LONDON: M. Venizelos, the G.O.M. and the Prime Minister of Greece, with M. Caclamanos, the Minister in London, caught by the camera when visiting the Foreign Office

SCIENCE: A statue, by Alberto Bazzoni, in the booking-office of the Milan Station. The treatment is neo-classical, while the drapery recalls the great days of the Byzantine School. There is a notable realism in the treatment of the hands

THE MOST IMPOSING R
Pennsylvania terminal in New Yo
Via Ferrante Aporti. On the m
Armando Violi. The skilful use
feature of the design is a sup
the station; parallel to this bel
the eighteen m

THE ROYAL PAVILION: This is furnished with a special entrance and special lines. More purely classical than the rest of the station, it is for the exclusive use of Royalty. A bust of the King of Italy by Franco Lombardi is seen above

THE MARATHON DAM has just been inaugurated, its purpose being to increase the water supply of Athens and the Piræus. The inauguration was performed by M. Venizelos, and the work (which involved the creation of an artificial lake and spillway) had as its chief engineer Mr. R. H. Keays, who also designed and constructed the 13 km. Boyati tunnel by which the water is conveyed to the antique capital. The U.S. firm of Ulen and Co. were the contractors

Milan, a pioneer city of railways, now displays the highest peak of railway achievement, for the great new station recently opened transcends any similar structure in the world. Of neo-classical design, its luxurious appointments are calculated to render travel even more of a pleasure than it normally is. Some few weeks ago, "The Sphere" presented pictorially the great arches of the station, and on this double page are reproduced various aspects of the station proper—which cost the colossal sum of about £1,000,000

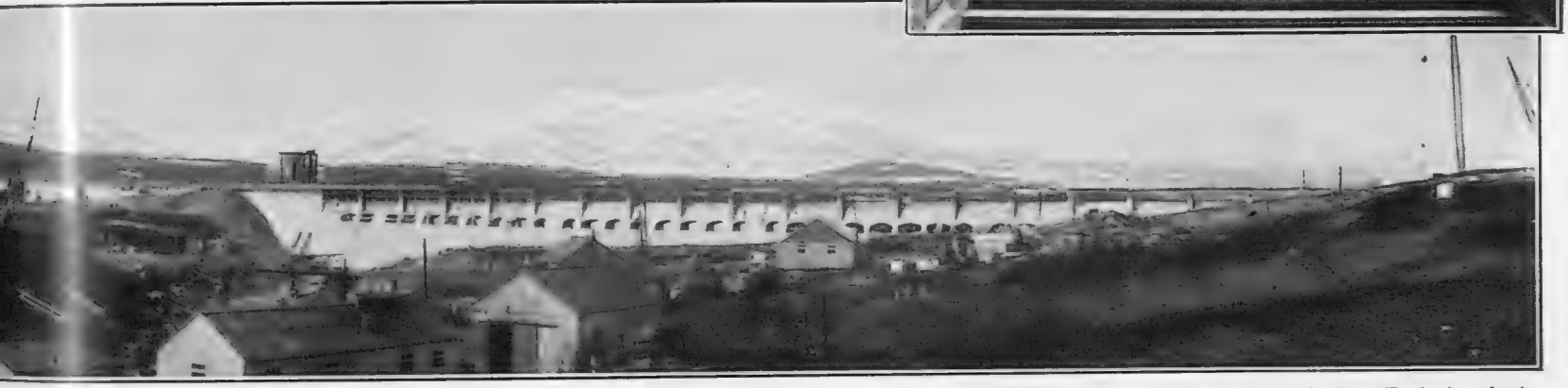
EXCAVATION: An early stage of the work on the cable tunnel under the river for the great Battersea Power Station

THE GRAMPIAN POWER SCHEME
Ericht for 1½ miles, and the building across
steel pipe 12 ft. in diameter conveys water ac

THE GIANT ELECTRIC
In the distance on the le
particular electricity su
chimney shafts w

GIANT WORK
all the World Over

AY STATION IN THE WORLD: The great station at Milan which eclipses even the the Union Depôt in Washington. This view shows the façades overlooking the Piazzale Doria and the ade are two winged horses representing Progress guided by Will and Progress guided by Intelligence—both by lumns and starkly rectangular openings lend a modernist note to this classico-florid edifice. One notable vered enclosure for cars picking up and setting down passengers—an enclosure running the entire width of booking-hall and waiting-rooms is the *Galleria di Testa* through which one reaches the ultimate point of sixteen subordinate sets of rails. On right is a vista in this communicating arcade



reat progress has been made with the Loch Ericht section of this great hydro-electric enterprise. The main work on this section is the widening and deepening of the River Ericht from Loch er to store the water in the loch of a concrete dam 1,300 ft. long and 50 ft. high. The water is drawn through an intake tower down and into the tunnel 100 ft. below the surface. A e valley of the river, while a generating station stands on the shores of Loch Rannoch. The works have been entirely designed and constructed by Messrs. Balfour, Beatty and Co.

POWER STATION now under construction on the south side of the River Thames. This view was taken a few days ago from the railway line leading to Grosvenor Road railway bridge. pecial dock has been constructed to facilitate the present work, and beyond can be seen the trees of the Embankment and the towers of the Houses of Parliament. The site chosen for this tation was much discussed at its inception, but work was allowed to proceed on the assumption that adequate steps would be taken to prevent, or minimize, the danger of fumes from the big vill eventually appear on the site. It was pointed out that the drift of the prevailing south-west wind would take the fumes over Westminster, Whitehall, and Charing Cross

NEIGHBOURING TEMPLES TO DIVERSE GODS:
A typical example of the amazing conglomeration of different types of temples in Bhatgoan. Here a Hindu temple and a pagoda are side by side

MORE HIDDEN

A Visit to Katmandu — in the

By CONSTANCE HANDLEY

To wake in a strange city for the first time is, I think, an exciting enough experience; but to awake, and in the dim realms of one's returning consciousness to realize oneself in Katmandu—actually within the walls of this secret city itself—was a very real thrill. Still more so, perhaps, to one who had known its name and history for so long, and the utter impossibility of ever realizing one's hopes of getting there.

The house in which we found ourselves lodged was the strangest mixture of civilization, and the opposite, imaginable. A tall, narrow, whitewashed building; on three sides it was without either door or window. Everything faced south-east, and three storeys tall, long verandas ran along its whole length on to which opened our windowless rooms. With white-washed walls, each contained an iron bedstead, dressing-table, and chair. No fireplace in any room, despite the intense cold; yet the whole building had electric light in plenty. The one room with the chimney was the bathroom, and this we made into our living abode, dragging the only sofa before the hole in the wall which, filled with burning logs, gave out a very comforting warmth.

By the courtesy of H.H. the Maharaja, a carriage was lent us in which to drive round the city, a member of his staff to conduct us to the chief places of beauty and interest, and an escort.

To try and write in detail of the loveliness of this hidden valley, in whose western corner is said to lie the birthplace of the Gautama Buddha, would be an impossibility. So let me try and describe just a few of the beauties which left the most lasting impression on my mind.

Katmandu itself seemed to me, apart from its people, the very materialization of what one dreams to have been old Manchurian China. Temples and temples and pagodas, and still more pagodas—there seems no end to them. A welter of colour; gold-pinnacled white stupas, and shrines over which trailed great curtains of clematis and orange creeper. Narrow, winding streets with overhanging balconies. Exquisitely carved windows. A myriad hanging brass lamps; some blackened with age, the gleaming dragons on others flashing in the sunlight.

Each temple a pageant of colour—for not only is every square inch intricately carved with emblems of the Hindu faith, but figures and designs alike are vividly painted; lacquer red, blue, yellow, and white predominating. Roofs are all tiered with little winged edges and lacquer coloured.

High above one main street, between two brilliantly-painted uprights, hangs an enormous crimson bell—only rung in times of war.

Everywhere is colour. Even the old corners of the bazaar, with much of their exquisite carving broken and fallen away, are not without their share. From inconceivable corners (such is the fertility of the soil) trees have sprung, and the old houses look out nearly always on to some patch of flowering greenery—clustering bourgainvillia or the soft glory of peach blossom.

In the midst of the city lies an enormous park of smooth, green grass on which the army is reviewed on field days and across which the Maharaja and his guests are entitled to drive at random. This place is so European in appearance, its trees and grass so unlike anything one has known in India, it is hard to believe oneself not in Richmond or St. James's Park. And equally amazing to find that not a hundred yards from its orderly paths and velvet lawns lies the Tibetan quarter. A Nepalese edition of Biskra's *village nègre*, it stands as a town apart, though situated in the heart of Katmandu. A strange drab square surrounded by two- or three-storeyed tumble-down dwellings. Bales of goods (the property of incoming and outgoing traders) litter the cobble-stones where tired yaks—Tibet's black-haired, long-horned beast of burden—lie chewing the cud; whilst lean hens, goats, and starving "pie dogs" wander restlessly amongst the scattered refuse.

The Tibetans never ceased to fascinate me. Of enormous bulk, owing to countless layers of thick clothing roped in round the waist like gigantic bolsters, their strangely flattened features (some very fair-skinned with bright-coloured cheeks), slanting eyes and matted pig-tailed hair, wild fur caps, beads at neck and wrists and feet, no longer resembling such things so disfigured are they by layers of bandages, they make a quaint picture. Ever on the move, these people cover great distances of mountain wilderness in their journeyings.

Bargaining for a beautifully-carved begging-bowl which one of them possessed, I was at first much puzzled at the oft-reiterated word "company;" following the number of rupees wanted for each article. And later, very much interested to discover it meant an East India Company rupee, of better value than its Nepalese brother which apparently might mean anything! It is rather good to realize, I think, how the reputation of British stability (as epitomized in the old "John Company")

SACRED TO BUDDHA:
The shrine at Boadanath; this recalls in form the Shwe Dagon pagoda at Rangoon. The eyes of Buddha look out from the tower while the priests walk round the prayer walk in contemplation, turning their prayer wheels

has reached even to this isolated corner of the East, and for how long remained!

Later we were bidden to the palace, a vast and beautiful building—like the pictures of the Kremlin from without—and there received by H.H. the Maharaja. Very different from the Europeanized atmosphere of Indian palaces, for this Prince is supreme in a country which owns no other master, and which stands alone. One enters his presence as one would that of any crowned King of

THE SACRED TANK on
and filled with enormous trout.

THAN MECCA:

Sacred Vale of Nepal—(Part II)

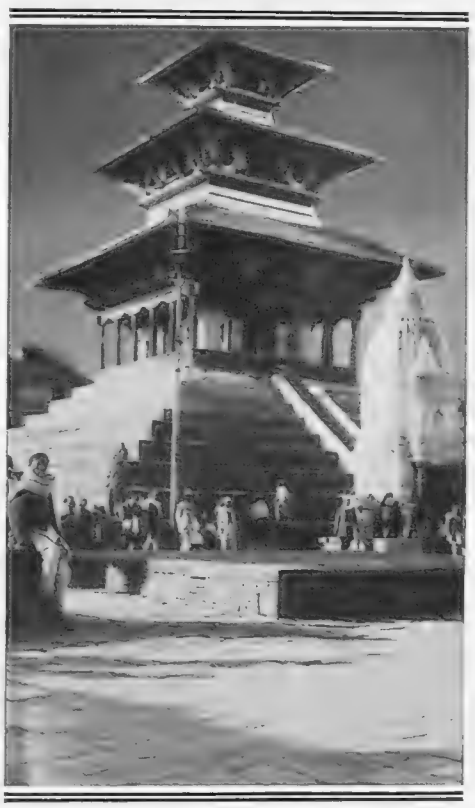
***Last week the first portion of this narrative, telling of the approach through the Terai Jungles, was published; this, the concluding instalment, tells of the actual conditions in this land of which Landon wrote: "Of all closed lands—closed by the deliberate will and policy of those who live in them—whether from piety, superstition, jealousy or, above all, perhaps from mistrust of the European*—Nepal is the only survivor"**

Europe—for though he has never left the valley, his English is almost perfect and his manner courteous in the extreme.

The Largest Tiger Skin.—In this palace lies one of the largest tiger skins ever shot. An unbelievable size, when one realizes that 10 ft. 6 in. is considered a record "bag," this Nepalese tiger skin measures over 12 ft. 3 in. Unbelieving shikaris may think this a wild exaggeration, but it is a fact as well as a most awe-inspiring sight.

Through the city of Katmandu runs the Bagmati river, sacred as the Ganges; and it is on these banks that all good Hindus wish to die. Along one side of the river lie the burning Ghats of Prasupatti above whose stone ledges can be seen the glow of funeral pyres in the night. Beyond this, up a winding roadway, we rode one morning to the old city of Patan. A city of unbelievably winding streets, its cobbled square surrounded by temples, carved and painted till they resembled Dante's vision of Inferno. Pictures of strange rites, blood-curdlingly evil; demons and dragons and weird contorted shapes, neither man nor beast. Most of these temples are purely atavistic in belief; their myriad carvings made to demonstrate the more abandoned forms of Phallic worship. No one who has not actually set eyes on these temples could credit the scenes of horror which are so baldly portrayed everywhere in the brilliant sunlight.

And then, by absolute contrast, the Buddhist shrine of Boadanath, some seven miles east of Katmandu. Along a road shaded by Persian lilac trees, it stands, wide fields of crops on either side, or flooded paddy fields, where pink flamingos stand dreaming against the spring green. Small pastel-coloured dwellings, with quaint winged roofs, on either hand; and, as we neared our destination, a sacred tank full of enormous trout, its surface starred with the rose and white faces of lotus blossoms, green haloed and clearly reflecting, as in a mirror, the distant magic of snow peaks against an evening sky.



TRACES OF MODERN CIVILIZATION: *Electric light and telephone stand before the Hindu temple, brilliantly coloured and carved, at Katmandu*

Around the shrine itself has grown up, as if by contrast, a heterogeneous collection of hovels, grain shops, and godowns in the centre of which it stands, rearing its 200 ft. tapering spire high in the air. Purely Buddhist in design and architecture, it is almost identical in shape to the famous Shwe Dagon pagoda in Rangoon. A domed white body built out in layers from the centre till on the outside rim a circular walk is reached. Above this in the shelving wall are countless small embrasures wherein are fixed the inevitable prayer wheels — small, cylindrical, hollow brass barrels revolving on a fixed brass rod and carved with all the necessary prayers. Round this promenade the priests walk in contemplation during the day, turning the wheels as they pass and in so doing their prayers are automatically said for them. A restful, happy way enough of acquiring grace!

Above the domed sides of the pagoda rises a four-sided tower from which the painted eyes of Buddha look out across the valley. Strange, vivid eyes on each face gaze north, south, east, and west. Here lives a really unique character in the person of the pagoda's guardian. He is called the "Chini Lama," and is actually, I believe, Chinese in blood, though born in the valley. He met and conducted us up to the prayer walk, discoursing in clipped though otherwise perfect English upon the valley in general, its religions, superstitions, history, and the surrounding country. A small figure, in rich blue brocade, bright brown English brogues, and a fur cap, he proved an amazingly interesting host and guide.

Whilst we talked, from somewhere below us came incessantly the soft thrum, thrum of a little drum and the high notes of a pipe interspersed with bursts of only half distinguishable chanting. I hardly liked to inquire its origin lest he should think his courtesy returned by mere vulgar curiosity; but on our descent, as though reading my thoughts, he said, "You would perhaps wish to see a service in progress, let me therefore escort you inside. It is the service for young priests—ones whose novitiate is not yet fully served, and they are under the ban of silence."

...oad to Bhatgoan. It is covered with lotus ...re reflected the distant snow peaks

We followed him in silence down many steps to where, in a bare stone-walled room, we found those responsible for the sounds above. A high whitewashed vault-like chamber, it was dimly lit by the flaming wicks of two ornately-carved brass lamps and the faint light of late afternoon, which filtered in through a heavily-barred window high in the farthest wall.

Seated in a semicircle were the novices. Young men in dun-coloured draperies, with shaven skulls, and amulets of the Buddhist faith around their necks. With them sat two fully-fledged pongyis* in flaming orange silk robes, attended by small boys dressed identically to the novices and also destined for the religious life—so the Chini Lama told us.

Some held prayer wheels, while others carried some form of musical instrument — flutes, reed pipes, and small flat drums. For five minutes or so they would play these — the music a single minor phrase repeated again and again in plaintive monotony. Then laying them down, the older pongyi would start a chanted prayer, followed silently in perfect unison by the others, with strange but measured gestures. This proceeding never ceases the long day through, we were told, as the novices were not only under a ban of silence, but also fasting. I can only imagine that they became drugged by the very monotony of it all sooner or later, and sat on, automatically repeating prayers without any idea of the passing hours—otherwise the very reiteration could not have failed to drive them mad. It all continues, during this season, daily over a long period, much merit being acquired therefrom.

Above this group, on a rough stone altar, sat a large brass figure of Buddha, the flickering lamplight touching to life the remote gaze and serenely indifferent features. Below, small piles of jasmine and marigold petals and rice-filled copper bowls made faint blurs of colour in the gloom.

I felt quite reluctant to even slightly disturb such apparent concentration of spirit until one of the participants, in the middle of a prayer, suddenly pointed to one of the brass altar bowls, tapped his breast, waved his hand, and held up three fingers. Indeed, even then I thought it part of the service till the Lama leant forward saying, "He wishes to sell it to you for three rupees!" So amazed was I that the bowl (a rarely beautiful specimen) was mine before I had even realized the apparent enormity of what had been done. However, as the Lama reassured me, it is not what they *think* really that matters, but how many prayers they can manage to *say*. Quantity being the pre-eminent thing, it is considered that quality, under such circumstances, takes care of itself.

* Buddhist priest.

HINDU AND BUDDHIST COMBINED: *One of the most picturesque temples in the valley unites two divergent architectural systems*

"Derbyshire Neck" in Tibet.—Very different from Boadanath is the other Buddhist shrine of Swayanbanath, lying east of Katmandu. On the hillside, at the summit of which it stands, hundreds of pilgrims were camped, their ragged tents, hobbled horses, goats, and bright blankets looking like a country fair in the sunlight. Above, within the walls of the pagoda after a long climb, we found literally scores of smaller shrines, all within the space of a hundred square yards. Countless carved figures of Hindu and Buddhist deities, bells, small temples, and pagodas, the whole infested by literally swarms of monkeys.

From the carved windows of what appeared to be the chief priest's house a group of very beautiful young girls looked down at us. Flower-decked, bejewelled children, of from twelve to sixteen years of age, these were the temple Devadasis—vestal virgins of the East dedicated to a life-long service of the gods.

The priests of Swayanbanath themselves seemed one with the general grotesque weirdness of the place. All of them were pongyis, clad in the orthodox silk robe. All had shining yellow skulls and features innocent of any trace of hair, and *each one had a gigantic goitre*. I don't mean either, when I say "goitre," the usual enlargement of the neck connected with this word, but a growth, so swollen, so pendulous, in many cases it had spread over their shoulders and chests and hung like some incredible fungus down, often, to the waist! These fearful appendages they made no effort to eradicate. Indeed they are considered extremely holy and denoting great piety in their owners!

It is interesting to know that a few injections of iodine will appreciably diminish these growths even in ten days. Also that by some strange means, perhaps through the introduction of British medical knowledge into the valley, this affliction has become known by the name of Darbishah-nek! (referring to a like tendency once shown in Derbyshire for this disease owing to something in the water). The wildest of Tibetans indeed, coming to Katmandu for a cure, invariably proffer the information that they are suffering from Derbyshire neck, though they have never crossed the sea or even seen it.

A Vast Golden Gateway.—All too soon our time in Katmandu was over. Interviews and work completed, we drove on our last afternoon some miles out to the old city of Bhatgaon—a second Patan, though if anything there were more temples here. Fantastically shaped they jostled each other in almost incredible proximity.

Tier upon tier—strange red sandstone edifices, gold tipped, half Hindu, half Buddhist. The architecture peculiar to each separate religion and country—going to make a quaintness of shape unseen elsewhere than in this valley—and, indeed, typical of the intermingling everywhere so apparent. These temples are all built at the top of vast flights of steps guarded by strange Buddhist incarnations in stone on either side. Enormous winged tigers sitting on their haunches (very alike to the well-known Burmese Belus). Grotesque figures, half bull, half dragon, and countless others; whilst high above, from the darkened doorways, we would sometimes catch the glimpse of candlelight on gold and the crimson flash of flame in ruby eyes.

It is in this city stands one of Nepal's greatest treasures. Unparalleled except by one in the Pekin Palace, it is guarded by sentries with fixed bayonets night and day. A vast golden doorway—itself exquisitely engraved and embossed—the surrounding archway is covered with carvings of scenes and characters from Vedic history. I have never seen anything to equal its sudden splendour—standing as it does in a city deserted by all pomp and glory and rapidly falling into decay. . . .

That evening (our last in the valley) we rode out to the garden beyond Katmandu, where, in an earthly paradise of emerald bamboo and countless flowers, lies dreaming the vast figure of the Budda-nil-Khant. I say "lies dreaming" literally, as according to the legend this recumbent figure of the Narayan Buddha, in its lotus-decked pool, is not dead, but sleeping—and wakes once in five years to breathe deeply ere it slips away into unconsciousness once more. This, many of the Nepalese have seen happen, though whether the explanation of such a phenomenon arises from a spiritual or volcanic cause I know not. Suffice that this garden is one of such rare beauty, its equal would be hard to find on earth.

Next morning, very early, whilst pools of mist still hung in the valley, and only the distant snows high enough to escape a sea of morning clouds, seared coral and gold in the sunrise, we bade Katmandu farewell.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

BANKRUPTCY IN GERMANY.—Germany has convinced the world that she cannot repair the damages of the world war, for that is what the term "Reparations" means.

That conviction she has brought now, at a terrible price to herself, and to others as well, in a manner which shocked the world, and was indeed no less of a surprise to her own people.

The German government, headed by Dr. Heinrich Bruening, Catholic Prelate, machine-gunner in the war, man of high character and noble ideals, has given an amazing performance of statesmanship that is difficult to understand. This government has allowed a country, almost proverbial for careful forethought, orderliness, method, organization, and preparation, to drift unknowingly or unconsciously to the very brink of the abyss of national financial and economic disaster, before it woke up to realize the peril. And I must add, before the world too woke up to the danger of Germany's dragging down others into that abyss with her.

President Hoover created a world-wide sensation, when suddenly, on appeal from Berlin, he pulled the strings which drew back the curtain on the German financial and economic stage. For two weeks France insisted that what was revealed behind that curtain was largely "stage-setting," not reality.

The "Hoover action," now acclaimed around the globe as the first constructive move against the universal depression crisis, dissipated as completely in that fortnight as did President Wilson's famous "Fourteen Points" at the end of the War.

TEUTONIC CONTROL.—All banks are closed. Even the Money Order Department of the Post Office will not pay out. The Stock Exchanges are closed. Paralysis is creeping over business. Recently I saw wild scenes in and around the banks. Some would not pay out more than £2 10s. to each depositor; none more than 10 per cent. Many persons, men and women, who had lost their all once before, in the inflation period, were simply frantic at the prospect of losing their savings again. Typical was the remark of the hotel's hard-working head-waiter: "I lost all my money in the inflation, then I worked to save more—hardly earned, too, in these days of bad business. If I lose that too, I feel I shall turn criminal in desperation."

In the midst of excitement, fears, anxieties, gripping the whole nation of 65,000,000 of Germans, I marvelled at the self-restraint and orderliness. But, under that self-enforced quiet, there glow ominously fiery embers. I cannot forecast what may happen in the days before this appears in print. But to be in Germany to-day is to marvel, also to tremble. Thousands of holiday-makers are pouring back to their homes to face the worst.

The government, as I saw them come out of the Chancellor's Palais, after eight hours' uninterrupted session, revealed haggard, weary-eyed individuals. Endless evening Cabinet sessions, often lasting till the small hours of the morning, is a weakness of all German governments in the last ten years. Such tired men as I saw, cannot do vigorous constructive thinking, so essential in such a national emergency. No wonder that driving force, and rallying, inspiring, decisive action is so marked by its absence.

WHOSE IS THE BLAME?—The responsibility? That begins with the "un-Wise men of Versailles" who, through their spectacles of hatred, could not read the future. The trail of responsibility runs through the Paris Reparations Conference, to the London ultimatum of the Dawes Plan, to the final Reparation Conference at the Hague which produced the Young Plan.

The German governments, beginning with the Paris Reparation Conference, have not been guiltless. They signed what they knew Germany could not fulfil. If they did not know it they were not fit for their posts. They believed in miracles. They feared that if they did not sign it would bring chaos. They signed each and every time, and chaos has come.

As in the last days of July, 1914, so to-day there is not a single statesman of authority, greatness, or courage to raise his hand and cry "Halt."

Mr. Hoover was promising. As far as one can see at the moment he has failed, just as Mr. Woodrow Wilson did. Again France is dominant—France with its gold and its vast military power. Upon her rests heavy responsibility. In her hands, for the time being, is the destiny of Europe.

The gigantic Disarmament and Peace Meeting in the Albert Hall a couple of days ago reads like mockery here in Germany now.

FRANCE AND FUTURE WAR: M. Laval, the Prime Minister, attended a luncheon at the Ministry of War with Military Colonial Chiefs on the eve of the National Festival, July 14 (Bastille Day). The Premier is seen with General Gouraud (in uniform), the one-armed hero of France and Military Defender of Paris, M. Maginot (on extreme right), the Minister for War, and various Colonial Chiefs whose costume varies from formal European to formal native dress. Decorations were worn

THE PRICE OF A ROOM IN MOSCOW.—"It is easier to find diamonds in the street than to find lodgings in Moscow. And when you do find a room they want to throw in a husband with it," writes an American girl to me from the Soviet capital of Communism.

"For five months I have been looking for a room to live in, because the one I am occupying is subject to a day's notice. I heard of a vacant room. It turned out to be in a flat of five rooms formerly occupied by a single family, now by four families, and the one room was over. The room belonged to a young doctor who was in the provinces but who would return to Moscow at stated intervals, therefore did not wish to lose it, so the woman in charge of the flat explained.

"'Would Madame consider marrying the gentleman?' she asked.

"'Marry him!' I exclaimed in astonishment. 'I don't want to marry. I haven't seen the gentleman, not even the room.'

"'He doesn't want to marry either, nor has he seen *you*,' the woman replied. 'And it is no use showing the room unless you accept the conditions.'

"An unknown husband for an unknown room! Not a very sporting proposition. I said so.

"'Such a nice young man he is, quite good-looking, too. And so timid. He's afraid of women. He really doesn't want to marry. You see, he had a girl whom he intended to marry—in order to keep this room. But she fell in love with him and insisted that he should live with her. He just wants a fictitious marriage, just so that he can keep this room. It would be nothing for you to go to the Registry Office with him. You know you can get a divorce any time. It costs but 50 kopecks,' she continued eloquently.

"'And what does one do when he comes to Moscow? Move out?' I asked.

"'Not at all necessary,' the woman explained to me. 'There's a sofa in the room. You wouldn't mind him for a few days, I am sure.'

"I wasn't so sure about that. No, she would not show the room. 'What would be the use if you will not marry him?'

"I lost a room and an unknown husband. And the divorce would cost but 50 kopecks!"

TRUE FISH STORIES.—The Siamese fish that shoots its own dinner insect, and the Venezuelan fish with two mouths—one to eat and one to cling to a rock with—are ichthyological incredibilities, assured, however, as scientific facts, which put the Great Sea-serpent right out of running for Silly Season honours.

Dr. Hugh M. Smith, former United States Fish Commissioner, now Adviser in Fisheries to the Siamese Government, tells that the little piscatorial sportsman is such an accurate shot, using a drop of water as projectile, that on two occasions he has seen lighted cigarettes extinguished in the mouths of smokers on a veranda a couple of yards above the surface of the pond where the fish were swimming. He has also seen small lizards dislodged by the "bullet," which is discharged from the fish's mouth by pressure from the gill-covers.

The two-mouthed "ganoid" flourishes in the Maracaibo River and the torrents rushing into it. Nature endowed this twelve-inch fish with an extra mouth to "hold on" with while the other fulfils its accepted task of absorbing nourishment. Plates instead of scales act as vacua to aid the second mouth, necessary since the ganoid lives in streams dashing down mountain sides at fifty miles an hour and requires to swim upstream against the strongest current.

The Venezuelan expedition under the leadership of Dr. Parke H. Struthers, also captured a dog whose bark exactly resembles the yodel of a Swiss mountaineer. The yodelling dog was found at a height of 13,583 ft., when the expedition was traversing the highest motor-road in the world, across the Andes from Merida to San Cristobal.

REFLECTIONS ON BURGLARY.—How a masked burglar fought with his own reflection in a mirror, "escaped" from his imagined adversary, leaving the booty untouched in the safe; how he plunged through a plate-glass window, across the path of two policemen on patrol, temporarily paralysing them with surprise, and escaped, is told from Cleveland, Ohio.

The burglar had decided to rob the Frank Fraiberg Music Store of the money in the safe. Picking his way silently and cautiously, he suddenly looked up to see a similarly-masked figure sneaking up on him. Without hesitation, he fired three shots at the "enemy," shattering the mirror in which he had mistaken his own reflection for the foe.

Having raised the alarm on himself, the burglar hurled himself through a window on to the pavement, just as Patrolmen Marty O'Brien and Nathan Walk were passing. Petrified with amazement at the sight of the flying bandit, the policemen hesitated a few seconds before they gave chase. The policemen fired and missed. The burglar escaped. The store-keeper found his 435 dollars intact, from which he did not begrudge the sum for a new mirror.

THE TROOPS OF TONKIN—one section of France's large Colonial Army—wear the strange uniforms of 1904 with their curious head-dresses, to recreate history in the retrospective parade held in celebration of the Fall of the Bastille, July 14, 1789

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

A NEW CAREER FOR WOMEN IN JAPAN: "Pool-girls"—women who will look after clients of swimming baths—have just been introduced in Tokio. The first establishment to employ them is the Meiji Jingu Pool, which is extremely modern in its architecture as well as in its offer to the recently emancipated womanhood of the Empire of the Rising Sun

THE GREAT DAY OF FRANCE: President Doumer, surrounded by members of the Government, watches from the Grand Palais the superb historical review, in which the costumes of yesterday were paraded by the soldiers of to-day, on July 14—the "Independence Day" of France

THE GREETING OF THE DUCE: Signor Mussolini receiving 4,000 children from all parts of Italy and her colonies. With characteristic care and industry, the great Latin leader noted and then commanded to his presence the large body of young visitors to Rome. They paraded in front of the Palazzo Venezia, from a balcony of which he greeted them with typical eloquence

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE: The former Japanese Minister for War, General Ygaki, has just been appointed to the Governor-Generalship of Cho-sen. He is seen writing in the native fashion on the day of his appointment

THE ARABIAN COAST along which gun-running is a favourite pursuit

GUN-RUNNERS of TO-DAY

By William J. Makin

Gun-running is still one of the most profitable and adventurous occupations in a world believed to be at peace. There are on the seven seas to-day Captain Kettles of various mercantile marines who have covered themselves with "glory" and occasionally made large sums of money in its pursuit.

On a little tramp steamer in the Red Sea only a few months ago I met the strangest of gun-runners. He was an American commercial traveller, a man who sold bedsteads. Selling bedsteads in little Arabian ports hardly seemed a profitable occupation.

In an idle moment I had once scanned his catalogue. The beds displayed there were of the type dear to Orientals—lacquered iron, highly decorated, and possessing the rectangular top that held a mosquito net.

"Do you sell many of them?" I asked.

He smiled.

"I once had an order for 2,000 of them, to be delivered in Jeddah," he replied.

It was a staggering order, even for an American commercial traveller. Being dubious of Arab promises, he ventured to ask the merchant in Jeddah for half payment on account. The money was promptly paid him.

A few months later, 2,000 iron bedsteads were duly landed from a tramp steamer at Jeddah. Again, with suspicious promptness, the other half of the money was paid. Then those bedsteads disappeared into the desert. Convoys of camels carried them to strange places. The American wondered at this sudden desire for beds, but could find no solution to the puzzle.

It was only later when a big revolt began in the Hedjaz that the mystery of those bedsteads was revealed. Acute merchants had seen in those tubes of iron of which the bedsteads were made a possible supply of rifle barrels. True, the iron tubes were a little crude for the work, and were often more dangerous to the tribesmen firing than to the enemy attacked. But in the heart of the desert native craftsmen had changed the bedsteads into rifles. For over a year the innocent American commercial traveller went in fear of arrest as a gun-runner.

Africa, Syria, Arabia, and China are the best areas for gun-running. Those wild tribesmen, the Druses, who continually harry the French troops in Syria have been well supplied with arms and ammunition by the gun-runners of to-day. A large amount of the traffic goes by way of the wild mountain passes of Asia Minor. There is more than one Greek in Constantinople to-day who will guarantee the safe arrival of a shipment of Belgian rifles and ammunition to any point east of Suez. On several occasions the French police have raided the bazaars of Damascus in an attempt to suppress the subterranean traffic in arms and ammunition.

The northern coast of Africa, with its sandy wastes and hidden lagoons, is a profitable coast for the gun-runners of to-day. When the Riffs were in revolt in Morocco, machine-guns and rifles of the latest European pattern were smuggled from the coast into the mountains where the rebels held out against the combined French and Spanish forces. Even aeroplanes were used by the gun-runners.

It was during the course of this campaign that the police discovered that a brisk trade in the secret export of army equipment was being carried on under the control of foreigners who had their headquarters in England. One order alone was placed with an Englishman for 100,000 rifles, 5,000 blankets, and 4,000 English cavalry saddles. The Englishman, an ex-officer, had been for a long time without work. One evening he was introduced to a German who stated that he was over "on business."

When these two men became better acquainted the German made an offer to the Englishman of a commission of nearly ten shillings in the £ on any equipment he could secure for an unknown destination. The offer was promptly accepted, and the order quoted above placed with the Englishman. A few days later the German left for the Continent, having secured all the equipment he could in England. He began purchasing further war stores in Belgium.

Eventually the goods were stowed on a cargo boat which sailed from a Belgian port. In mid-ocean, the boat was met by another vessel, the goods were trans-shipped, and the loaded vessel left for the coast of North Africa. Some weeks later the supplies were being dumped from mules that had come in convoy to Abd-el-Krim's headquarters in the mountains.

For some of the gun-running in the campaign it was discovered that a private English steam yacht was being used, having been innocently lent by its owner to the adventurer, who made a small fortune out of it.

Abyssinia must have made the fortune of more than one gun-runner. When I recently travelled through that country I was astonished to discover that even the natives of the remotest districts possessed rifles of a modern pattern. In fact, so well supplied are the natives of Abyssinia with rifles that their one great demand nowadays is for ammunition. A few French adventurers, working through the port of Djibouti, do their best to supply that demand.

It was in an Abyssinian village that I met the Frenchman who has been acclaimed the greatest of all modern gun-runners. He is Henri de Monfried, a man whose early exploits in and around the Red Sea were spectacular and thrilling. De Monfried made a small fortune, hiding rifles in sand trenches on lonely beaches, but the money he made out of smuggling guns he subsequently lost in other adventures. Now he is engaged in the prosaic work of supplying electricity to the Abyssinians through a little power station that he has built.

It used to be imagined that anything that looked like a rifle could be supplied to natives in the interior of Africa. Then, the guns supplied were almost invariably of the gas-pipe pattern, purchased in Birmingham wholesale at four and ninepence apiece, and much more likely to be dangerous to the user than to the person aimed at, particularly if the powder supplied with the burlesque guns had any driving force. The white man never feared this sort of rifle being pointed at him. It was the spear, the assagai, the knobkerrie, or the curved knife that he chiefly hated. So, for many years, the trade in gas-pipe and charcoal was actually encouraged.

But the time came when the African chiefs had seen the real rifle and began to be connoisseurs in up-to-date firearms. Some of them even began to whisper for machine-guns. Then it was that the gun-runners began to travel into the interior with pieces of mechanism which they called hydraulic pumps for gold or diamond washing but which, in reality, were Gatling guns cleverly disguised. One such gun was landed at Delagoa Bay in the interior of an American organ. But a whisper began to go along the African route, and the adventurer saw that sooner or later an inquisitive native commissioner would insist upon examining that American organ, which was lashed to an ox-wagon.

The gun-runner heard that one such native commissioner was waiting for him at a certain kraal. It was then that he took out an aniline pencil and covered his face, hands, arms, and all the visible parts of his body with spots. Then he sent a Kaffir runner on ahead to announce that the *baas* with the American organ had caught small-pox. The ruse succeeded. Nothing is feared so much in Africa as that terrible disease. And when the ox-wagon with the American organ drove through the kraal, everyone watched the procession from behind closed doors. The gun-runner, seated on the box of his wagon, showed his disfigured face for a moment, waved a feeble salute, and drove on. He subsequently delivered the Gatling gun to the native chief and was handsomely rewarded.

But the African chiefs are no longer so wealthy or powerful, and gun-running south of the Zambesi has declined. Occasionally attempts are made to smuggle arms out of England to the coast of West Africa, the West African natives themselves often undertaking these small commissions. But for the gun-runner proper, Syria provides the best market to-day, and among those fruit-laden ships that stagger into Levantine ports one may find a swarthy face that is not unknown to those who trade in firearms for the rebels of the world.

THE GATE-CRASHERS: Not only London hostesses but Simla picnickers suffer from the irritation of the uninvited guest

THE UNCERTAIN MONKEY

These pictures were taken in various parts on the Himalayas. The monkey is an uncertain friend, but if one observes certain rules it is quite possible to get on the right side of him. Feed him well; never stroke him; if he chooses to examine your picnicking gear, let him do so; above all, do not dare to touch a young one however great the temptation, or you will immediately be attacked by a whole horde of them. Some of them strongly resent being photographed, and these gentlemen must be left severely alone.

DON'T TOUCH A MONKEY: The maternal devotion of a monkey may easily turn to ferocity directed against those who wish to stroke the baby

It is a strange fact that, in localities where there are large numbers of monkeys, they invariably divide themselves up into factions; they have recognized leaders. Should a monkey find its way into the wrong company it is severely dealt with, and not infrequently is it killed. In the small picture the monkey with the young one lost part of its foreleg in one of such fights.

The monkey is capricious, uncertain, and cruel—exceedingly cruel; so much so that, if he happens to catch a bird, as he sometimes chances to do, he will spend the day plucking it alive. But, despite this characteristic, the monkey is the most affectionate of mothers. H. A. B.

NAUGHTY! A simian illustration of the Shakespearian text, "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done!"

NEWS *out of* BURMA

Railway Achievement and Disaster in the Far East

AN AMPHIBIAN PIONEER OF BURMA: U. Kyaw Zem, the first Burmese official ever to take a trip in a flying-boat. The costume worn hints of the changeless East, but the spectacles show that even the remote Orient is by no means insensible of modern scientific advantages

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD: A detachment of the 3-20 Burma Rifles takes over the duty of the guard at Government House, Rangoon, from the 2-15 Punjabi Regiment. The difference in uniform is marked

THE WORK OF REBELLION: The disastrous wreck of the Rangoon-Mandalay mail train perpetrated by rebels. The metals were twisted up like wire and the train cast on its side. Burma is now in the throes of strife, for the country wishes no longer to be ruled from India, but direct from Britain

NATURE'S BRIDGE—GOTEIK GORGE: The dimensions of this bridge, or cavern, may be judged by noting on the left the white-robed Indian, who looks, standing there amongst the dense foliage, like some tiny Lilliputian. During the rains huge trees are brought down by the torrent, which rushes into this immense cavern. The river has made for itself a passage through the mountain and flows underground, through a tunnel, for some few hundred yards before it emerges again to continue its course down the mountain gorge. The place seems deserted by all living creatures. Should, however, a gun be fired swarms of bats immediately take to flight; and wheel in thousands round the cavern before settling back into their crevices amongst the stalactites and weirdly shaped lime formations. And high above this bridge which has been made by Nature's forces, there is superimposed the other bridge (seen on right) made by man

MAN'S BRIDGE—GOTEIK GORGE: It is incredible that this flimsy structure should be capable of supporting railway traffic; that trains with their human freight should risk the crossing. Less sinister must have looked the "Bridge of San Luis Rey." One gets the impression of a nursery toy, built of "Meccano" components. But the parts are gigantic and must have been assembled by some Gargantua. As the train approaches the silence of this wilderness is broken, birds take to flight, the heavy winged hornbill flies from danger, and jungle fowl crow. Then the train! After such tense silence the noise created by it as it rumbles over the bridge could be possible only in these solitudes. And, having passed, there seems to linger that deep complaining rumble which reverberates along the sides of this mighty ravine, while fainter and fainter grows the clatter of the train as it speeds towards China. The 1,900 miles of railway which Burma possesses is of metre gauge and, except in the environs of Rangoon and Mandalay, is all of single track. Railways were at one time constructed and managed by the State, but for many years this has been done by the Burma Railway Coy. Survey operations have been going on for a long time with the object of establishing connection with India, but no decision has been reached as to the most suitable route. Built in 1900, the bridge here seen is a structure of remarkable appearance, composed of steel trestles, 300 feet high

HONOUR TO THE FLAGSHIP: The crew of H.M.S. *Rodney* assembled on deck at the salute out of compliment as H.M.S. *Nelson*, her sister ship and flagship of the Atlantic Fleet—a vessel carrying the largest guns in the world—passes by

CLEANING HER "TEETH": Sponging out the muzzles of the greatest naval guns in the world—the great 16-inch armament of H.M.S. *Nelson*, flagship of the Atlantic Fleet. During Navy Week, the public will be allowed to visit and to go all over the vessels assembled in Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham—a revelation of organization and a miracle of electrical ingenuity. It is to be hoped that the public will avail themselves to the full of their opportunity, for only by personal experience will the gigantic work and the stupendous cost of the Navy be realized

ENGLAND'S *Impregnable* BARRIER

A Glimpse of Life in the Silent Service—a Life which the Public will have an Opportunity of Seeing During Navy Week at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, August 1–8

TARGET PRACTICE: The shots, one of which is seen exploding with an impressive waterspout, were fired, not as might be expected from the size of the shower, from a heavy battleship, but from a cruiser. The deep boom of the naval guns will not be heard during Navy Week, as the thunder and vibration of them would prove too nerve-racking to the visitors who will throng the home ports next month

THE FLEET'S FLEETEST ARM: The fleet air arm plays one of the most important parts of the Navy to-day. The squadrons of machines carried in aircraft carriers have urgent duties in a naval action. There are the big reconnaissance machines from which observers watch the enemy's movements and wireless the correctness of gunfire. Other machines carry deadly aerial torpedoes. There are fast fighters for attacking enemy aircraft and another important duty is, of course, submarine spotting. This remarkable picture shows a fighter-machine leaving H.M.S. *Eagle*

EUROPE'S *Deserted* PALACES

(II)—So Many Changes, Violent or Constitutional, have Taken Place in the Use and Purpose of Europe's Once Royal or Imperial Palaces that "The Sphere" here Records the Present Functions They Fulfil

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

(Author of "Petrograd, the City of Trouble," etc.)

Palaces that have known the splendour of state ceremonies, the blaze of jewels, the measure of a stately polonaise, may have regretful memories of vanished glories; but there are other palaces, standing in the silence of deserted gardens, whose memories are even sadder still, for they were kept more especially for holiday moods, for summer days when their royal masters could throw off, for a few hours at least, the cares of state and allow themselves liberty from official restraint and etiquette.

There is an old country palace in Germany I remember visiting when I was a child which was built in the midst of pine woods and green fields and yet had that unmistakable atmosphere which seems so infallibly a part of royal palaces. It was built on a curious plan, for there was first of all a square red-brick residence with wide flights of stone steps leading up to the big front doors, and flanking each side of a tree-shaded court were six low, one-storeyed bungalows occupied by the suite and any other visitors who might be staying. Everybody had breakfast in their own little houses and for other meals went across the courtyard to the big palace, and my chief amusement in the evenings was to watch the various guests from the small houses going to dinner in their evening clothes, an entertainment which was especially diverting on wet evenings when planks of wood were put down and stout ladies-in-waiting would paddle across under their large umbrellas with voluminous skirts held up to the knees.

Saddest and most pathetic of all the summer residences of royalty is surely the Alexander Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, about twenty miles out of old St. Petersburg. A big white house standing in a green park, it looked from afar almost like an English country house; only when one drew nearer, saw the court servants in their gold-embroidered coats, the Cossacks of the Imperial Guard in their blue and scarlet tunics, the generals and officers in their brilliant uniforms, did one realize that this was a royal palace, a house where there would be the inevitable red carpets and a hushed and deferential silence.

I remember coming here to an audience with the Empress in 1910, and being ushered into a small, round, white and gold room where Count Benckendorff, a tall, handsome old man with courtly manners and a charming, old-fashioned dignity, received us and after a few moments led us on into the Empress's private sitting-room. Masses of white lilac, roses, azaleas, hyacinths, gold-coloured walls, soft velvet curtains, photographs in silver and enamel frames, masses of books and magazines, made it a pleasant and beautiful room, and yet one had a strange sensation that the woman in the violet velvet dress who sat on a couch heaped with cushions was not alone, that some other living presence lurked behind one of the velvet curtains, watching and waiting, listening, always on the alert.

Coming out we went back through the round, white-and-gold ante-room through a great drawing-room with crystal chandeliers and glasses stretching from floor to ceiling, through passages carpeted in deep crimson, through a marble hall where officers in blue and gold saluted us, and a gigantic porter in a scarlet coat with a double cape flung open the big glass doors.

Seven years later I had to go to Tsarskoe to see an invalid friend, and my way led past the gates leading into the courtyard of the palace. A crowd of indescribably slovenly soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets lounged near the close-shut gates, a bedraggled scarlet flag fluttered above the low green roofs, and, shouting and jeering, shabbily dressed men and women pressed close to the high railings staring at the distant figure of a man sweeping the snow on one of the garden paths, a figure so lately symbolic of greatness.

Now that palace stands empty, but curious tourists may, if they will, see the rooms where the Royal Family of Russia spent long, weary days of captivity, the lake where the Tsarevitch sailed his boat, the plot where the young Grand Duchesses planted vegetables,

Another palace I remember is the Yildiz Kiosk, or Palace of the Star in Constantinople. Surrounded by three great walls, each one of them 50 ft. high, the Yildiz was a revival of the architecture of the old Serail, and was built by Abdul Hamid as an ambush where he could lurk in a well-protected retreat and yet hold the reins of government in his bony fingers. Only three gates gave access to this citadel: the gate reserved for the ladies of the harem, the one kept open for the foreign representatives or Turkish officials, and the one used only by the Sultan himself twice a year—once when he went to pray before the relics of the Prophet in the old seraglio, and once when he went in state to receive the homage of his subjects in the vast hall of the Dolma Bagtsche Palace.

Eight hundred people lived within the encircling walls of the Yildiz Kiosk. There were several barracks filled with soldiers, every ministry had its counterpart office in a bureau hidden somewhere in the park, the harem was broken up into little courts: there was the Great Mabein with its reception rooms and banqueting halls, the Little Mabein where the Sultan of Turkey lived like a spider surrounded by a network of espionage, haunted by suspicion and terror, going in daily, hourly fear of assassination, having all his food cooked in a secret chamber, carried to him in a sealed dish, tasted first by the cook and then by some pet animal before he dared touch it himself.

Everywhere in this Palace of Fear there were looking-glasses placed at angles that made it impossible for anyone to come into the room without being seen; in every room, even in the bathrooms, there were revolvers ready loaded and laid within easy reach, rooms divided themselves mysteriously, windows did not correspond to the interior. Seldom has there been such an indescribable medley of grandeur and squalor, of wealth and ugliness, of luxury and cheap, common shoddiness. Beautiful old inlaid furniture mixed with modern gimcrack chairs and sofas, priceless rugs from Bokhara laid on cheap carpets of crude and glaring colours, Japanese screens, a cottage piano, musical boxes, clocks without number, and in the midst of this incongruous jumble a small bent figure with a dyed red beard.

THE FAVOURITE PALACE OF THE LAST REIGNING ROMANOFF: Once a home of Imperial Tsardom, now lying in dilapidated ruin, the Livadian Palace in the Crimea was to have been the retreat of Nicholas II after his abdication

I remember being taken to see a Selamlik one gorgeous June day in 1906 and looking down from the Diplomatic Pavilion on the serried rows of troops lined up on the road between the mosque and the inner gateway of the palace. From one of the high minarets the voice of the muezzin gave the call to prayer, the grand eunuch came out of the gate followed by the long line of closed carriages with the ladies of the Sultan's harem, and at last, announced by a blast of silver trumpets, the open victoria, with the Sultan—silent, alone, inscrutable! Swiftly the carriage rolled down the hill to the mosque; craning forward we could see the Sultan's figure go in at the open doorway, followed by the crowd of generals and officers and officials. Then, after a long interval of waiting, came a stir and bustle round the mosque, a phaeton drawn by milk-white horses coming swiftly up the hill with the Sultan driving, himself smiling a little malicious smile to see the fat generals and pashas running beside the carriage, trying to keep as near as possible in the hopes of being rewarded for their zeal and devotion.

When the spirit of revolt broke out in 1908 and the Young Turks founded the Committee of Union and Progress, the Yildiz was the seething centre of plot and counterplot, which culminated on April 23 when the Macedonians took possession of the Ertocrul cavalry barracks, and the armies of the Young Turks advanced with feet swathed in rags across the plains. All night long the lights in the Yildiz shone in the darkness, while, wandering restlessly from room to room, the Sultan sent breathless messengers flying in all directions, now giving an order to resist and fight to the last, and then changing his mind and commanding an instant submission.

By evening of the next day the Sublime Porte had given itself up, the Yildiz was surrounded on all sides; and when the Commission from the Sheikh el Islam, charged with a demand for the Sultan's abdication, came to the palace, they found an old man, broken and submissive, sitting on a shabby sofa, ready to agree to all proposals.

And so the Yildiz, which had been for so long the most secret, the most inaccessible and unapproachable place in Europe, was turned into a park where couples could wander arm-in-arm through the shrubberies and by the winding lake; and now the Pavilion of the Star has been bought by an Italian company and turned into a casino, and music and lights and laughter echo in the halls and the quiet courtyards where Abdul the Damned shuffled along with furtive steps and dreamed his evil, ribald dreams.

Other palaces I remember, the palace of Schoenbrunn near Vienna, its long tree-shaded avenues haunted by the pale, sad ghost of the Duke de Reichstadt, the big white palace of Friedrichshof in the Taunus mountains, built by the Empress Frederick and run on the lines of an English country house. I remember too the palace at Potsdam, where the Emperor William always spent some of the summer months, his grounds adjoining the gardens of Sans Souci, that beautiful retreat of Frederick the Great with its six terraces, its fountains and long flight of old stone steps.

The most beautiful of all these summer palaces was perhaps the palace of Livadia in the Crimea, which was the favourite residence of the Emperor of Russia and the place where he hoped, after his attempt to get to England had failed, to end his days in peace. A fairy tale palace, built on the side of the hill with gardens dropping down in flowering terraces to the shores of the Black Sea, No pomp and grandeur here, but a home made for laughter and the idle hours of golden care-free days. The lawns that were tended with such pride and care are overgrown now with weeds, the petals of the roses lie on empty paths; in the high, light rooms rough hands have drawn obscene pictures on the walls, or written jeering words across the photograph of some family group.

Homes of memories and lost hopes, these empty palaces which are kept for show, used as offices or museums, are to be found all over the world, sad monuments of fallen greatness left over from the past. And now there are still other names to be added to the long list; for the Palacio Reale in Madrid, the palace at Valladolid, and the Escurial, that mighty monument which is half a monastery and half a royal palace, are no longer the centres of a great monarchy with traditions which seemed in their old pride and dignity unshakable and secure, but that now have all been swept away in the floods of revolution and unrest which are so changing the face of Europe.

The KNIGHTS of ST. JOHN

New Discoveries on the Island of Rhodes Beneath the Mosque of Suleimanie

THE WALLED CITY SEEN FROM THE BASTIONS: The Knights Hospitallers held the city with great valour from 1309 until 1523, sustaining Turkish sieges in 1480 and 1522–3 the latter of which was successful

AN UNKNOWN KNIGHT: All that is left of the inscription is a prayer for the peace of his soul and the remission of his sins

Pictures by courtesy of the Archæological Institute of Rhodes

THE TOMB OF A GRAND MASTER: The marble memorial to one of the grand masters of the Order of St. John. It is possibly that of Antonio Fluvian, possibly of Giovanni Lastric, for their armorial bearings differed only in the tinctures

Professor Giulio Iacopi, who is with commendable success excavating under the Mosque of Suleimanie at Rhodes, has discovered some marble slabs which, it is conjectured, were taken from the ancient church of St. John. The church was built on the site of the Marble Temple of Helios (the sun-god), and, from the time of Rhodes' capture until the explosion which wrecked the building in 1856, was used as a mosque. Dr. Iacopi points out the value of his discoveries owing to the rarity of tombs of the knights. Fluvian and Lastric were the founders of the hospital at Rhodes. Rhodes, the city of the Colossus, has suffered eight earthquakes and numberless wars. During the Crusades it was a great rallying place for the Christian fleets

A BRETON SOLDIER: The marble tombstone of Pierre de la Pymoraye who died in 1402

O. HENRY and his America REVEALED

A Notable Biography and Other Literary Notes of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Two attacks of influenza in three weeks do not encourage one to lift a joyful voice in the "Come to Britain" chorus. Having carefully watered my garden for two hours and feeling I had earned a respite from all the cares and evils that oppress those who lavish their attention on rose and apple trees, I decided to motor up into the Chilterns to take tea with a friend. I will not betray the make of my automobile. It has been admired for its lines, but the hood, I swear, was designed by Heath Robinson. As a piece of engineering ingenuity it could give the Crystal Palace points. Half an hour is not too liberal a margin for its erection. Again and again in rage I have threatened to jettison it. On the occasion of which I write one of these sudden come-from-nowhere downpours caught me. I should have been drier if I had not stopped to erect that hood. There would have been a cleaner sheet in the Heavenly Register, where the golfer leads all the rest. But what has all this to do with book reviewing? Well, it happens to have quite a lot. I have read, among other books, *The Caliph of Bagdad*, by R. H. Davies and Arthur B. Maurice (Appleton. 12s. 6d.). It is a long book, 400 pages. It is supposed to be a life of Sydney Porter, known the world over as the short story writer, O. Henry. It is not only a life of this strange creature, it is a varied, constantly changing picture of life in North Carolina, Texas, and New York. I know of no book, except perhaps that masterpiece of a forgotten genius, Francis Grierson, *The Valley of Shadows*, which gives a broader, truer picture of the United States in the nineteenth century. When I am asked, as a reviewer, whether I read through every book before expressing an opinion, I make no claim to such assiduous labour. One has not to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad.

I read *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* three times: the first time I tried to read it and stuck; the second time, after so many had assured me it was a fine book, I read it systematically and decided it was a pretentious, pseudo-Spanish fake; the third time I read it through, backwards, on the deck of an Atlantic liner, enjoyed every page, and decided it was a masterpiece. Whether it was the book, the order of my reading, or the gale raging and the state of my stomach, I know not. Literary estimates are capriciously formed. No critic should be accepted as an oracle. The late Sir Edmund Gosse and Arnold Bennett were level-headed fellows, but they had blind spots. Gosse expected incense burnt at his altar, and Bennett was ludicrously afraid of being thought old-fashioned. The fact that I like poetry to have metre and sense, that I am suspicious of Proustian introspection, that I think James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence in their worst and most applauded phases wrote pornographic rubbish, may stamp me as a Victorian or a half-wit. Novels no longer have plots, and characters no longer need character. Psychology is made the damp course in many a crazy structure, and if you are unkind enough to observe mildew you will be told there is something wrong with your sense of decoration. There are many ready to deny to O. Henry the name of author. They call him a trickster. He poured out stories, he swamped the market, but at his best he was a very great short story writer. A drenching on the Chilterns, enforcing a holiday in bed, has allowed me to linger over every page of this astonishing life. Personal contacts with scenes in the amazing chequered career of O. Henry have added interest to a large loose book whose scrappiness is one of its delights.

Twenty-four hours after bathing on Christmas Day at Daytona Beach—scene of the late Sir Henry Segrave's triumph—I was discharged from a blizzard-bound train at Greensboro', North Carolina. My engagement at Washington missed, I could do nothing but accept my fate, and shivering, though still burning from the Florida sun, I suffered myself to be transported to the leading hotel. Imagine my surprise and delight when I found my hotel was named the O. Henry! But I was sceptical when given the reason. A few weeks back, in Austin, Texas, I had met the proud claim that it was the birthplace of O. Henry. And now Greensboro' claimed the honour. I had heard a similar claim put forth in San Antonio, where he had sojourned. The reincarnated O. Henry had travelled extensively! Columbus, Ohio, made no claim as a birthplace, yet it had a sinister part in O. Henry's life. He was in the jail there after a conviction for embezzling bank funds—a possible miscarriage of justice. To-day, in all seriousness, Austin, Texas, has proposed that the penitentiary where he was first detained should be kept as an O. Henry memorial.

In the vestibule of the O. Henry hotel there hung a large sheet of the author's handwriting, in his bold legible script. Other relics were not far distant. I found a drug store, or chemist's, labelled the *O. Henry*. Surely this is fame in a manner unknown to us! The Americans commemorate their great writers in the names of hotels and shops; the French have called their battleships the *Voltaire*, *Maupassant*, and *Loti*, and many are the *Gabriele d'Annunzios* I have run from port to port in around the Italian coast. In vain at Southampton and Liverpool do I look for the S.S. *Kipling*, the M.S. *Thomas Hardy*, or even H.M.S. *Shakespeare*. True, in Nottingham, in my boyhood, I used to look in awe at a bootshop called Byron's bootshop. Could it be possible that this was the very place where Byron's mother had brought her unhappy, club-footed child to be fitted with those boots and irons that increased his lameness? Alas! although the impecunious poet and his mother had lived in an adjacent street, in a house now the headquarters of a trade union, I discovered that the Byron bootshop was in no sense a compliment to the fame of Byron. It took its name from the miserable owner. Thus one early romance was shattered in my life. The O. Henry drug store made no fraudulent claim nor implied a distinction it did not possess. In that very shop, now filled with a variety of objects natural to the land of Woolworth, William Sydney Porter had worked for five years for his uncle, dispensing drugs and making himself pleasant over the counter. As usual, Porter found working for relatives arduous and unprofitable. He worked in the evenings, after leaving school, a mere boy, and his first claim to distinction was as a caricaturist. He could recognizably sketch any customer who had been in the shop. But Greensboro' offered no advancement, and at twenty he migrated to Texas, where he was to live for the next fifteen years, and whence, after his flight and return to face the charge of embezzlement, he was taken to the Ohio jail. The Texas he knew so well, and used as material for many of his finest stories, was the old Wild West. It no longer exists, though some measure of it is re-enacted in the "dude" ranches to which rich young people go for a holiday thrill. In Fort Worth I have seen cowboys, it is true, but they drove into town in limousines, with their wives clad in Paris frocks. More surprising was the sight of these cowboys in the Panhandle rounding-up cattle with Ford cars. When one day I saw the real thing, trousers, lariat, spurs, ten-gallon hat all complete, I was told he was only a "drug-store sheik," the name given to those who dress the part. O. Henry lived in the old Wild West when arguments were settled with revolvers. In 1893, he had gone back to the town of Austin, and was a cashier in a local bank. Certain irregularities resulted in a serious charge that was to hang over him for four years, until his sentence. He was now dabbling in journalism. The short story writer was to be born in jail and develop to fame in New York, where he went to hide himself after release. Lovable, generous, a tremendous but erratic worker, he joins the lamentable list of drink- and sex-ridden geniuses. For years his daily consumption of whisky was two quarts. There was not a low haunt of vice he was not familiar with, and that which destroyed the man fed the writer. His genius was always mortgaged ahead, so that in the height of fame he lived from hand to mouth. Yet he was capable of dignity and independence. When an editor of a great magazine, which for years had repulsed him, sent a large cheque begging for any material, he sent the cheque back without comment or hesitation. His death at forty-eight, with his mental vitality unimpaired, has cost us many a masterpiece. He was even then planning something "big"—and preparing to borrow on his projection. An unhappy life, a full life. The shadow that fell upon him with his conviction was never lifted.

The somewhat fantastic simile employed by the authors of this book fails in effect, and it is difficult to know why the Caliph in one part becomes Sinbad in another. But in the jumble of this large loose work there are numerous gems to which the authors seem indifferent. How revealing is Kipling's answer when asked how he worked out a certain journey from San Diego to the eastern seaboard. He replied, "I didn't, I let the railroads do the work for me. I simply wrote them explaining the situation." And let the highbrows ponder the tribute of Balfour and Barrie. Balfour, attending the Washington Conference, found a set of O. Henry in his room. Picking up a copy at random, before he left Washington he had read every line O. Henry had written. Barrie, infected in a similar fashion,

THE MASTER OF THE SURPRISE ENDING: William Sydney Porter (O. Henry), the frontispiece to The Caliph of Bagdad *beneath which runs the Legend, "He no longer saw a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal"*

wrote a letter to O. Henry's daughter and presented a set of works to Asquith.

This is a long book, a friendly book, in two words a bed book, but the size and weight of it demand a bed rest.

Another book read from cover to cover, not because I had the time but because I found it worth while, is *The Month of May* (Murray. 7s. 6d.), by Jane Dashwood. It is the old story of the faithful daughter left in the family nest. She has charge of her old parents and watches her life fade out as she tends two old people who cannot die. The charm of the story lies in the telling. The country house, the lore of the garden and countryside, the changes that have come over the relations of squire and tenant, in short the slow demolition of a peaceful England, are carefully described and a touch of romance, fated to end in renunciation, comes, in the person of Richard, to the faithful Mary. The whole story is commonplace enough, but in these days of smart writing and slick characters the dullards have their attractions. Mary took her fate too easily, the girl who isn't a thruster these days gets left at the fence. In the critical moment of this story, Mary, on the verge of flight to her lover, is called in to rub her selfish mother's head. She should have banged it, and have changed the whole course of her life. But Mary was brought up to behave beautifully and she ends, poor girl, as she began, thirty years earlier, reading Malory to her doddering father. The book is a solemn warning to faithful daughters who lack ruthlessness.

M. André Maurois has now turned his attention to Marshal Lyautey, the consolidator of the French Colonial Empire of North Africa. His book, *Maréchal Lyautey* (Lane. 12s. 6d.), presents the story of a brilliant administrator, and is illuminating upon French colonial methods. For English readers the whole story is somewhat parochial, and the Marshal's honourable achievements give no opportunity for that Ariel touch which is Maurois' chief asset. Those who, in the course of travel in French Africa, have admired the success that has crowned the Frenchman's labour will find this careful study of Lyautey informative and comprehensive. His career has been happily summed up by Princess Bibesco as "the royalist who gave an empire to the Republic."

Recommended List:

Sidney Reilly, *by himself and wife* **(Elkin Mathews. 10s. 6d. net).**—There is no need to go to pictures for thrills. This story of a counter-Bolshevik spy surpasses anything devised by a Wallace. How much of it is true remains debatable, but the minimum facts add to the appalling indictment of the Soviet and its methods. The man who planned to capture Lenin and Trotsky was himself captured in turn and disappeared from the scene.

Five Plays, *by Ashley Dukes* **(Benn. 10s. 6d. net).**—A collection of *The Man with a Load of Mischief, Ulenspiegel, The Fountain-Head, The Dumb Wife of Cheapside,* and *Matchmaker's Arms.*

Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury, *by Lady Gwendoline Cecil* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 21s. net).**—The third volume of this Life, covering the years 1880–86 and the beginning of the second Salisbury Ministry.

Holiday, *by Frances Noyes Hart* **(Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net).**—The pleasant history of a motor-tour through France, covering Normandy, the châteaux country, the Basque country, the Pyrenees, and Provence. The book rightly pays as much attention to French cooking as to French scenery.

PAVLOVAS *of* TOMORROW

Momentary glimpses in the Italia Conti Ballet School

THE SHOE LACE: A study of one of the pupils tying up the special shoe required for toe dancing. This has a full half-inch of stuffing in the toe to enable the wearer to dance on the tips of the toes

PRELUDE TO THE FINISHED "TWIRL": High-kicking practice, not over the head but to the side, carried out while holding a rail and executing "Eyes Right"

OVER THE HEAD: High-kicking practice — an exercise which includes holding the foot with one hand while steadying oneself against the bar with the other

THE SPLITS: One of the most difficult of ballet evolutions. Note the exquisite pose on right. Inset—"COMME ÇA!": *An advanced pupil puts an acolyte through her paces*

PAS SEUL: *A graceful pose demonstratea to an admiring ring of pupils. Even when such relaxation is taken, the spectators are grouped with genius and taught to adopt almost unconsciously decorative and harmonious attitudes, for, save in some of the ultra-modern ballets, every movement of a ballerina must be instinct with art and charm; even the Robot dances are ugly only superficially, being based on a knowledge of beauty*

None but a ballerina herself knows the sheer physical labour and the years and years of constant practice which the art of the ballet requires. Perfect poise, perfect physique, and perfect alliance between brain and body is demanded. This series of pictures, besides being an intriguing collection of childhood studies, is designed to illustrate the beginnings of the ballerina—how Miss Italia Conti moulds her little charges, according to the edicts of the ballet-masters of generations past, in the elementary graces of an art that is as old as Time

Special "Sphere" Picture

"A THOUSAND GUILDERS": A scene from "The Piper," the one act opera by Herbert Ferrers, founded on Browning's famous legend of Hamelin, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. The great dispute between the Mayor (Mr. Harry Brindle) and the Piper (Mr. Percy Heming) is taking place

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"Mrs. Fischer's War."

Not so very long ago an actress of the less obtrusive type, an actress whose photograph I do not remember ever to have seen, who, so far as I know, is never "snapped" stepping into, or out of, her own or somebody else's car, wrote and appeared in a play about Charles Lamb. Her name is Joan Temple. She not only made an interesting play out of difficult material but gave a remarkably fine performance in it. The Lamb play came very near to being the most arresting production of its season; but it did not arrest enough people, and after a plucky fight it failed. *Mrs. Fischer's War*, adapted by Joan Temple and Henrietta Leslie from a novel, merits the same eulogy, but is quite likely to meet with the same fate. That is to say, it is good enough to fail, devoutly though I hope it will not fail.

It has the misfortune to be a war play (*Journey's End* seems to have monopolized the luck here) and it has the greater misfortune to be devoid entirely of the flashy and the obvious. In the superficial sense, it is not only not good theatre, but, except for one scene, very bad theatre indeed. Yet I would willingly see *Mrs. Fischer's War* and Miss Temple's play three or four times. There is about it a sincerity, an understanding, and an essential neatness and decency of thought which give it style. Save for a conventional, and probably pawky, Scotswoman, it is without humour. Sex does not get within a thousand miles of it: it is as un-sexish as a Greek play in the open air at Bradfield or an 18th century revival at Hammersmith. Look down all the advertisements of the current film successes in the columns of the daily papers and you will realise precisely what *Mrs. Fischer's War* is *not*. And that is not the least of the many reasons why I like it.

Miss Joan Temple I have never met in private life, and for aught I know she has finger nails the colour of a pillar-box, talks about "shame-making," and dances until 4 a.m. after five hours at the hairdresser's, though the probability is she does none of these things. But there are few other actresses who can, on the stage, be so sincere in the quiet way that is so extremely beautiful, who can be sombre without being either dull or dumb. Her performance in this play of an Englishwoman married to an unnaturalized German, long resident in England—a woman whose husband fights on the side of Germany, and whose son is in the British army — is perfection.

Mr. Tristan Rowson, never labouring his points, was almost equally good. Miss Marriott-Watson, Mr. Louis Hayward, and Mr. Toni Sympson (who might so easily have been Mr. Tony Simpson) are other members of the Ambassadors' company. All do well, and prove that, for a high level of acting to be maintained, it is not necessary to include an expensive list of those whose names are as familiar as household words (and whose performances, as often as not, have just as little to do with art).

"La Dame aux Camélias."

A certain American tragedian—he died a few years ago — was awarded the Legion of Honour after playing *Macbeth* in Paris. He was a worthy man and sincere in his histrionic endeavours. But as an actor he did not, to say the least of it, amount to much. When surprise was expressed in Paris as to why the man was thus decorated for playing *Macbeth*, old Lucien Guitry hazarded an explanation. "Perhaps" he suggested, "it was because he played it only once."

I can pay the same tribute to Mme Ida Rubinstein's Marguerite in *La Dame aux Camélias* at Covent Garden. She played it only once. In the stricter sense, she did not even play it as often as that. But she appeared in the character, and in a series of magnificent frocks; further, she spoke the lines well, for she has something like the Bernhardt voice even if she has nothing of the Bernhardt genius. But of emotion she suggested not one iota. It was Sarah and soda, with a very great deal of soda.

To act in a straight play at Covent Garden is to set oneself an enormous handicap, and I fear that Mme Rubinstein is not of the type to carry handicaps. When one has heard *La Dame aux Camélias* in that very building a fortnight before in the form of *La Traviata*—adorned with Verdi's music and with Mme. Rosa Ponselle, good actress as well as fine singer, as Marguerite—the play itself uncomfortably suggests that the orchestra has gone on strike and that the company have all lost their voices.

But the production was superb. General though the disappointment has been in Mme Rubinstein herself, both as an actress and a dancer, London should be grateful to her for having been the means of showing us some stage pictures of incomparable beauty. In that respect her short visit was justified.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Has the spate of "thrillers," both British and American, in the last few years made even *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* seem tame and *démodé*? That must, I think, in part be true; for the Savoy revival of the old story—or, to be exact, the production of yet another version of it—was rather a tepid affair, not solely because the acting left a good deal to be desired. The element of surprise is lacking, and that is nobody's fault except that of Robert Louis Stevenson, who happens to have written such an uncommonly good yarn that there are precious few people who are not familiar, and even over-familiar, with it. Such excitement as is provided at the Savoy is due to the fun which an adoption of barnstorming methods can usually afford in these sophisticated days. In some such spirit of appreciation did one go to see *Maria Monk* or *When London Sleeps* at the Elephant and Castle Theatre or at Sadler's Wells before it became Arty and Crafty and Old Vic-timised. If Stevenson *à la* Savoy is intended as a *pastiche*, it is not at all a bad one. If it is (and I fear it is) intended as something to freeze the marrow and, incidentally, to appeal to the intelligentsia as a performance, much is wanting.

By far the best effort is that of Mr. H. R Hignett as the butler. Mr. Hignett must have played about forty butlers in his time, and I hope he will live to play forty more. Yet he manages to make this Stevensonian butler stand out as something different and interesting. Mr. Fisher White's Dr. Lanyon is a sound piece of work, obviously with the advantage of ripe experience behind it.

Mr. Arthur Phillips, in the double rôle of Jekyll and Hyde, had one good moment. But I found myself thinking of what Sir John Martin-Harvey did with the double rôle of Dubosc and Lesurques in this very theatre in *The Lyons Mail* only a few months before. And both plays have round their necks the deadly mill-stone of being hopelessly old-fashioned in hopelessly the wrong way. Mr. Phillips was not very good as the bad man; on the other hand, he was not very bad as the good man. His chief faults are a stilted unnaturalness when he does not let himself go, and a tendency to go too far when he does venture to pull all the stops out. Miss Mary Merrick is a pleasant young actress, but Laura Carew, in whatever way one tackles her, is an absurdity.

"Disturbance."

In *Disturbance*, by Cyril Campion, the little Grafton Theatre has by far the best play produced there as yet. The story is conventional—that of the wife of a distinguished K.C.B. who was not sufficiently distinguished, though a man of charm and intelligence, to hold her affections. Lady Westdrake not only played with fire; she made this process practically the whole of her existence and worked at it like a Trojan. Had she been merely a nymphomaniac she could have been dull and repulsive. Curiously enough, she was neither dull nor repulsive, in spite of the fact that she was utterly without conscience, and did not seem to be upset when a young man showed his adoration by the embarrassing method of shooting himself in her bedroom. Another young adorer was such a prig and such a bore that he should have shot himself anywhere and at any time—the sooner the better. Unfortunately he remained alive.

Miss Nora Swinburne played Lady Westdrake with delightful vitality, and with a rare sense of comedy which (in spite of that young painter with a bullet in his brain) was never out of place. A great treat, this. As a dignified personage with a sense of humour Mr. Felix Aylmer never fails; he has an easiness on the stage which is never slovenliness. Mr. Aylmer—that is to say, Sir Harold Westdrake, K.C.B.—seemed a far nicer person than either of his wife's illicit swains. That, however, is the author's affair.

The piece is generally well acted, but I must not omit an outstanding, indeed, a remarkable performance—that of Miss Diana Beaumont. Miss Beaumont has beauty and a personality; she is also a young comedy actress of very high achievement indeed.

"The Young Idea."

If anyone ever had any doubt as to the genius of Mr. Noel Coward let his early play, *The Young Idea*, revived at the Embassy, be seen at once. He was little more than a boy when he wrote it. Yet it has no trace either of immaturity or of over-sophistication—an even worse fault of the very young, and a more frequent one. This little piece, it may be remembered, is built on the familiar theme of the revolt of the younger generation given quite a new twist; for the young people are so much wiser than the middle-aged that they consider rescue as part of their duty. Mr. Coward apparently has no more use for the hunting folk of the "Shires" (I hope that is the right lingo) than has Mr. A. P. Herbert, and the shafts of his satire are as keen as were those down Hammersmith way a little while ago. There is good nature, however, in both authors, and both have the good sense not to kill a butterfly with a steam-hammer, even if the butterfly is wearing a pink coat and top-boots.

The revival is well acted, particularly by Mr. Arthur Macrae and Miss Leonora Corbett. But I missed, as the young daughter, that clever little actress, Miss Ann Trevor, who, in the original production at the Savoy in 1923, provided just the right touch of ingenuous mischief.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH": A scene in the amusing fantasy by Graham Robertson and Alfred Reynolds at the Lyric, Hammersmith. In the foreground is the cup from which the elixir is quaffed

ENGLISH FILM EFFORT

EAST MEETS WEST AT ELSTREE: For the purpose of making Rich and Strange, *starring Percy Marmont, new sets representing streets in Port Said and Colombo, Ceylon, have been built by British International Pictures. A Colombo scene is shown above, against which the houses of the village contrast sharply*

PORT SAID IN HERTS: Mr. Henry Rendall in an Eastern scene of Rich and Strange

CONFERENCE: Edgar Wallace with Herbert Marshall, Alfred Drayton, Hayes Hunter, and Gordon Harker at Beaconsfield where The Callendar *is being produced*

THE CHASE ON THE STAIRCASE: The method of filming such intricate scenes as this is here shown—the camera being rigged on an improvised lift. This picture was taken at the Beaconsfield Studios during the shooting of Footsteps in the Night, *directed by Maurice Elvey and produced by Basil Dean. The stars are Benita Hine, Peter Hannan, and Harold Huth*

"O MEMORIES THAT BLESS AND BURN": Miss Margot Grahame who stars in The Rosary, *based upon the famous song, just completed by W. P. Films at the Twickenham Studios*

"THE LITTLE MORE—AND HOW MUCH IT IS": Mr. Warwick Ward submits to the attentions of the make-up man during the filming of the Butchers Empire production Deadlock, *by George King*

The WORLD of WOMEN

"MARYLANDS"

A Beautiful House in Surrey Designed by Mr. Oliver Hill

Many people write down Surrey as suburban and leave it at that. An impossible suburban county. The larger proportion of it is nearly impossible, but there are still parts of it where you will find country as beautiful as you could wish. And such a spot Mr. and Mrs. Warner found on which to build a house. "Marylands" stands on the south slope of Hurtwood Common, above Ewhurst, with a superb view across Sussex to the Downs. No house in the south of England could have a more extensive or pleasing view.

The house itself, built by Mr. Oliver Hill, is of local sandstone, quarried close by, with Swedish tiles of a rich sea-green colour. Two wings come forward towards the garden making a very pleasant terrace in between them, in the centre of which is an ornamental pool lined with blue tiles.

The West Wing consists of a large music room on the ground floor which opens on to the terrace, besides having doors into the hall and the library. This room, like all the rest of the interior of the house, is rough cast a warm creamy colour. All the windows and doors are in the form of arches, and Mr. Hill has a most ingenious device (seen in the illustration) for keeping the shape of these at night when the curtains are drawn. The ceiling of the room is of beams of Memel pine, which is silvered to resemble oak. The floor, like most of the others in the house, is of oak.

Throughout the house colour is supplied only by the materials used for furnishing, except in one or two rooms where thin red tiles placed edgeways on have been used for fireplaces, chimney breasts, and in the hall to form a pattern on the floor.

Above this room is the main bedroom, not quite so long as the music-room, the extra length being used to make a balcony.

The other wing consists of a big loggia on the ground floor, with a charming bright nursery above, which also has a balcony. The centre of the house is occupied by the hall and dining-room, the latter decorated with blue and silver, and lit at night by pewter brackets.

On the floor above a wide and beautifully proportioned passage or gallery runs almost the entire length of the house. Other bedrooms open off this gallery. The kitchens and servants' quarters have a wing to themselves which follows the curve of the hill round the back of the house.

M. I. Batten

THE BEAUTY OF THE ARCH: The ingenious method for keeping the shape of the window arch at night is shown in the device by which the curtains are hung

NOCTURNE IN SURREY: The view standing at night on the terrace looking across the pool into the house

THE VIEW FROM THE GALLERY: Looking down on the majestic stone hall at Marylands

THE DINING-ROOM: All the doors in the house are of oak, while here the electric light fittings are pewter

MAKING FRIENDS

Human and Animal

The English are an unfriendly race taken in bulk, suspicious of the good intentions or the good breeding of the stranger. Individually, occasionally and with a rush, they are quite otherwise. A long railway journey, if it is not abroad where the stranger becomes the foreigner and doubly suspect, can break their reserve. The man in the corner, who has got himself more space by putting a trench coat and a newspaper on the seat next to him, will expand at a touch, shift his baggage to make room for yours, and tell you of his house and his wife and his golf handicap and his youngest child's bright sayings. Coldness falls as soon as he begins to collect his luggage.

But for just as long as it takes to travel from London to York, your face has been to him the face of a friend. He knows that he will see it no more. He has no responsibility towards you in those few detached hours. You don't expect to be asked to dinner, and you can't put to the proof anything that he has been telling you.

It would be different if he met you in the region of home. There, the ancient fear of an uninvited guest would rise between you.

This mistrust of strangers goes deep. Children, in whom the race instinct is at its simplest, most often meet each other with a long stare and hands behind the back, holding a toy out of sight lest it be snatched. Even babies in perambulators have for each other an unsmiling stolid regard that awaits the inimical grimace.

With the best will in the world it is hard to get rid of the complex or whatever it is that darkens the stranger's approach. A table with food and drink upon it forms as useful a liaison as anything else. The timorous are beguiled by hospitality and by those tentative me's and you's that are the skirmishers of friendship.

MAKING FRIENDS: A composition by Werner, the brilliant German, displaying the fact that one is never too old to inaugurate a new association

Perhaps in our day the cigarette is the pipe of peace, and the offer of it begins a friendship with no more than a just amount of ceremony. But it is very hard to give any recipe for making friends either with humans or with animals. The horse is the most courteously responsive creature. His dark eye meets yours with an awaiting expression—the "glad eye" cleared of vulgarity and made gravely hopeful. But I would as soon advise carrots for all horses as a pat for all dogs. The cold Alsatian has too much the air of being thinly held on an invisible leash. The bulldog may slobber or he may bite. The Pekingese may look as if you weren't there. There is no one-way traffic in friendship.

Sterne knew better than most people how to make friends. The "fair *fille de chambre*" who offered to hold the ink while he wrote, knew it also of course.

> "'I have nothing, my dear,' said I, 'to write upon.' 'Write it,' said she, simply, 'upon anything.' I was just going to cry out—'Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips!'"

That was, perhaps, a degree too urgent as a beginning. The approach is gentler, more light-stepping, in the case of Maria.

> "Maria looked wistfully for some time at me and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again and so on alternately. 'Well, Maria,' said I, softly—'what resemblance do you find?'"

A lovely first move in the game of friendship. Maria was mad, which eased it. Most lovely things have a tinge of madness.

Mary Crosbie

DOWN *to the* SEA *in* — PYJAMAS!

The World of Women

A typical American college girl taking her first look at our coast. The charming pyjama suit she wears is carried out in linen

A gaily-coloured umbrella affords shelter from the sun during the heat wave at Juan-les-Pins. The bathers are wearing the fashionable backless costumes

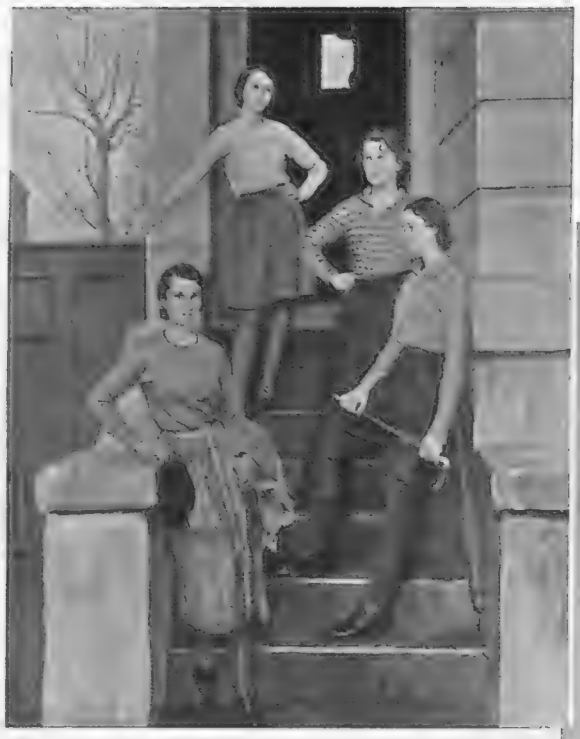
This attractive one-piece pyjama suit is made of spotted crêpe de chine, and has wide pleated trousers with short sleeves pleated to match. It may be obtained in various fashionable shades from Debenham & Freebody

Crêpe de chine in plain colourings is used for this pyjama suit, which is trimmed with fancy crêpe de chine to tone. From Debenham and Freebody

Londoners have been quick to realize that the facilities offered by the Serpentine are a good substitute for a seaside holiday. Every hot day brings a large crowd

Holiday girls at Cruden Bay (Aberdeenshire) view the beautiful scene before taking their morning dip with their dog

LAST DAYS
in the Sale-Rooms
AND ART NOTES OF THE WEEK



"THE GUTHRIES": An unusual canvas by T. C. Dugdale, R.I., at the recent exhibition held by the National Society of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, and Potters at the R.I. Galleries

1,900 GUINEAS: A Louis XVI marqueterie upright secrétaire. Apart from the exquisite workmanship, the frieze—set with 24 miniatures, including those of Maria Thérèsa, Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette—is one of the great features of the piece. It belonged to the ill-fated French Queen and was purchased by Jacob, Lord Hastings, from the Petit Trianon after the Revolution of 1848. It was sold at Christie's

"CAPRICCIO": One of the striking impressionist studies by Lord Berners now on exhibition at the Alex. Reid and Lefèvre Galleries, King Street, St. James's

With the last day of July the sale-rooms close their doors to buyers, and it is not till the fogs of winter are with us again that the leading sale-rooms reopen, and their great rooms will again exhibit fine pictures, furniture, and books for the delight of the connoisseur. But throughout this month and to the very end, there have been, and are yet to be, some most interesting sales, and only last week there occurred one of those sensations which give to the sale-rooms something of the excitement of a Calcutta Sweep.

The Gilbert Stuart Sensation.—The story runs that a lady brought two unknown portraits to a country dealer, who ventured to give her £10. Shortly afterwards he was offered £7 for the frames, but though he thought that a fairly good offer, he decided to bring them for expert consideration to Messrs. Christie's. They were soon discovered to be the work of Gilbert Stuart, an eighteenth-century American artist, who had been a pupil of Sir Benjamin West, a fellow countryman. The subjects of the pictures were found to be members of the Nelson family—the more important being that of George Matcham of Slaugham, Sussex, the husband of Catherine, the sister of Admiral, Lord Nelson, whom he had married in 1787. Gilbert Stuart painted these pictures a year or so before he returned to America, where he painted many of the American notabilities of his time, dying at Boston in 1808. When these two Stuart pictures were put up on July 9, they were sold for a total which reached close upon £2,500—Mr. Matcham's portrait fetching 1,500 guineas, and the other 850 guineas.

The Incurable Collector.—The late Mr. Desmond Coke was well known to the general public as a novelist, but he was equally well known in the sale-rooms as a collector who enjoyed his hobby, about which he wrote a book entitled *The Confessions of an Incurable Collector*. He will be remembered for his collection of his eighteenth-century silhouettes which he presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1923. Some of these were sold on Wednesday, when the Desmond Coke collection of objects of vertu was dispersed at Messrs. Sotheby's, one of the most interesting being a full-length portrait of "Jamie the Showman and his Brother." Other interesting articles in the collection were needlework pictures and curiosities in the way of pictures made of rolled paper.

The Arnold Bennett Collection.—A brother novelist, Mr. Arnold Bennett was also a collector like Mr. Desmond Coke, but without quite his *flair*. He collected modern pictures, the work of C. R. W. Nevinson (represented by the masterly "Casualty Clearing Station"), Roger Fry, and W. R. Sickert, which were sold last Thursday by Messrs. Sotheby, who are also to disperse his library next Monday, the 27th. The books are chiefly interesting from being presentation copies with personal inscriptions, making what is known in the bookselling trade as "association books"—everything possessing a personal touch.

Books from Melton Constable.—Lord Hastings of Melton Constable sold some rare books and manuscripts at Messrs. Sotheby's this week. The hardest to part with must have been *The Ordinances of Chivalry*, a manuscript compiled for Sir John Astley, K.G., who died in 1486, an ancestor of Lord Hastings, as shown by the genealogy at the end of the catalogue. The manuscript was bound for Edward VI, when heir to the throne, and bears the motto of "Ich Dien" on the brown calf covers. It has full-page illuminations showing jousting and the special way in which a man was armed for the various contests whether on foot or horseback. Two of these were reproduced in THE SPHERE of July 4.

Of furniture sales in the past weeks, the most important was held by Messrs. Christie's on July 9, when the furniture belonging to Lord Hastings was sold. A marqueterie secrétaire, once in the possession of Marie Antoinette and at one time in the Petit Trianon, was sold for 1,900 guineas.

Inset—*THE ART OF THE SILHOUETTE: Jamie the Showman and his brother against a water-colour background, by Edouard, sold at Sotheby's*

"SUSSEX HARVEST": A delightful landscape by Gerald Ackermann, on view at the 1931 show of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours

THE GIPSY CAMP: A landscape of great charm by Percy Lancaster, R.I., A.R.E., R.B.C., which was exhibited at the R.I. show this year

The PASSING PAGEANT of the PRESENT DAY

Left—THE EAGLE OF PRUSSIA: The Bismarck Memorial at Lindau, Lake Constance. A medallion of the Pilot of the Old Germany is set into the wall

GREECE HONOURS ITS LIBERATOR: M. Venizelos, when handing over Newstead Abbey, Byron's home, to the Nottingham Corporation, visited the memorial erected to "Boatswain," the fighting poet's famous dog

A MUSICAL PYRE: A novel feature of the Holbeck, Leeds, Carnival was the fact that the bonfire was built of 100 old pianos given by a firm of Yorkshire piano manufacturers

FILMING "CARNIVAL": Mr. Anthony Asquith, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Miss Ann Casson filming the Compton Mackenzie classic

A DIAMOND JUBILEE INSPECTION: The Duke of Connaught, the ageless member of the Royal Family, inspects at Chelsea the pipers of the London Irish (18th Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment) of which he has been Hon. Colonel for 60 years

WINTER VISITORS IN SUMMER: Gulls have been driven inland for food during the recent rough weather. Here is a crowd of screaming visitors at St. Ives

BRITISH COLUMBIA OLD AND NEW: The Province of British Columbia this summer celebrates its diamond Jubilee—having become a province, instead of a Crown Colony, on July 20, 1871. The amazing progress it has made is epitomized in these two pictures. That on the left shows the Town Hall of Vancouver in 1888—after the disastrous fire; that on the right an aerial view of Victoria, the capital. The history of the province has the names of Drake and Cook as its high-lights

NEW ZEALAND

The Sphere of Travel

The Darling of the Nature Gods

Every enthusiastic traveller has at some time or another bemoaned the impossibility of seeing all the scenic wonders of the world in a single lifetime—yet there is one small corner of the earth where Nature has so concentrated her mightiest efforts that perpetual snows and tropic jungles are to be found side by side, and are contrasted with the most famous natural features of many lands.

The Nature Gods have run riot in New Zealand. In an area less than that of the British Isles there is crammed so much beauty and interest that years of travel in the rest of the world could not show a more amazing variety of scenery. The geysers of Iceland, the mountains of Switzerland, the gigantic waterfalls of Northern America and Central Africa, Norwegian fjords, the quiet charm of English pastoral countryside, and the fascination of lakes larger than many English counties, gigantic volcanoes, wonderful rivers and dense jungles, with a climate as mild and sunny as that of the Mediterranean, and vegetation which ranges from familiar English plants to trees and flowers which can be found nowhere else on earth—all this and more can be found in New Zealand. Its people present the unique spectacle of a race so ancient that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, living in equality and friendship with the youngest nation in the world, and who in working together have won for their beloved homeland an enviable reputation for hospitality and sportsmanship.

THE BEAUTY OF SCENERY: Mount Ngauruhoe, Tongario National Park, North Island

Many places have claimed the title of "a Paradise for Sportsmen," but no country so entirely justifies the title as New Zealand can do, for there a keen sportsman can be certain of an endless succession of thrills all through the year.

So far from the game being universally preserved, there are districts where sportsmen are actually welcomed enthusiastically for their ability to help in keeping the game within reasonable limits. Red deer and fallow deer roam the mountains and forests in thousands, and in some parts have become such a nuisance that men are *paid* to shoot them. Where licences are required, the restrictions are reasonable without being vexatious, and the fees are very cheap—a pound or two securing shooting which would rouse the envy of those millionaires who rent Scottish moors at vast expense.

There is wonderful trout and salmon fishing in the rivers and lakes, where fish attain a remarkable size, and the sport of angling for big game fish in New Zealand waters is unequalled in the world. It is a country where the "fishermen's tales" of other lands pale into insignificance beside actual facts officially recorded. A broadbill swordfish weighing 673 lbs. has been caught there, and innumerable others of the species scarcely less gigantic, whilst a marlin weighing 976 lbs.—a world's record—and others varying from six to seven hundred pounds have been landed.

New Zealand is a country made for outdoor sports—a green and lovely land with a climate in which brilliant sunshine is tempered to a delightful equability by the proximity of every part to the sea coast, for there is no place in the Dominion more than 75 miles from the sea. One of the strongholds of the yachtsmen is Auckland, the largest town in the Dominion, which has the inestimable advantage of being built round two enormous harbours fronting on to the glorious Bay of Islands, which rivals the far-famed harbour of Sydney in its exquisite beauty.

Motoring is an especially popular pastime in New Zealand, and few countries can offer the tourist such a wonderful programme of tours or such magnificent roads which supplement the fine railway system in serving all the principal tourist centres of North and South Islands.

North Island has an area of 44,500 square miles, and every mile of that area has some strange and enchanting beauty to delight the eyes of tourists. The northern peninsula, with its deeply indented coastline, its innumerable wooded islands, its tracts of virgin forests, and its ranges of lovely mountains, is presided over by Auckland. South of this sub-tropical area lies Rotorua, the charming Spa which is the centre of the wonderful thermal region, declared by many travellers to have no equal in the world, a district where Nature has carelessly flung together the most delicately lovely scenery and places of weirdly arresting magnificence. Chains of exquisitely coloured lakes alternate with boiling springs and sulphur pits; green tree-clad hills change to steaming cliffs, and geysers and rainbow-hued terraces overlook mud volcanoes. Rotorua is also within easy reach of the wonderful caves of Waitomo, Ruakuri and Aranui, with their underground river and glow-worm grotto. Still further south are the great forest waterways of Wanganui and Mokau, two of the most beautiful rivers in the world. Wellington, the capital of the island lies in the extreme south, terraced on wooded hills which surround a bay so peacefully lovely and so colourful that it is reminiscent of the Italian lakes.

South Island, rather larger in area than England and Wales, is the region of snow-capped mountains and wonderful fjords with the towns of Nelson, Dunedin, and Christchurch as the principal touring centres. The Southern Alps extend in an unbroken line nearly 500 miles long, and many of the chief peaks cradle glaciers on their snow-clad slopes, moving in stately grandeur to the coast where they contrast strangely with the sub-tropical vegetation on either side. In this region there are matchless lakes of every size, colour, and contour, the largest of which is Te Anau with an area of 132 square miles. South Island also claims New Zealand's longest river and the highest waterfall in the world.

A PARADISE OF SPORT: Trout fishing in Red Pool, Tokaanu, North Island, where the scenery rivals the sport

The south-western shore of South Island is deeply indented with the most magnificent of all salt water fjords, so long and so deep that the largest liners can negotiate their enchantingly beautiful waters in perfect safety.

The North and South Islands of New Zealand are spread over such varying degrees of latitude that the climate differs considerably between the north and the south, but everywhere it is so agreeable for work or play that it is merely a question of individual preference, and the tourist may be left to decide for himself between the rival attractions of the warmth of Auckland, tempered by ozone-laden sea breezes, and the drier air of the Otago-Canterbury district, with the assurance that wherever he chooses to make his headquarters the daily average of sunshine will rival that of the Mediterranean.

Maxwell Fraser

"HYSPA"

The Berne Exhibition of Sport and Hygiene

Berne, the charming capital city of the mountain republic, is staging a gymnastic festival for the world's education and entertainment during July and August. Gymnastic festivals have been held in Central Europe for many years, but never before so close to Britain's door-step, or in, what is rightly termed, the "Playground of Europe."

Such an Exhibition is a matter of importance for this country. We are far behind the rest of the world in popular knowledge of health and hygiene, while, except in the Services, the benefits, both physical and spiritual, derivable from massed gymnasia, are unknown. It is true that, owing to the impetus of the New Health Society, especially in the past two years, both "hiking" and sun-bathing have been popularized to the immense benefit of city dwellers. But the closely settled population of the British Isles has not yet learnt to make use of its open spaces or to advantage itself of the delights of rhythmic massed movement, as, for example, displayed so magnificently by the Royal Air Force recruits at Olympia. Rather have our people been satisfied to herd together and watch twenty-two persons playing games which have no variety from year to year, and which are conducted according to finalized formulæ.

As we recognize that there is something wrong with our industrial and economic system, so but a moment's examination of the reports of the Ministry of Health tell us that a revolution is needed in the art of living. Industry is but a means to an end. City dwelling may be convenient. Life without health, without stimulation to the emotions, without *esprit*, is purposeless.

"Hyspa," the happy name by which the Berne Festival is to be known, will teach us how it is possible, not only to preserve, but to exalt both national physique and spirit. Its appeal is, therefore, to the reflective mind, as well as to the eager and adventuresome who are determined that in their generation the world shall be a less drab affair than it has been for their forbears.

But during all the years in which I have known this beautiful capital city I have found always the Kirchenfeld Bridge its chief centre of attraction. From the mighty arches which span the high shores which overhang the green-blue glacier waters of the Aar, all day long one may observe, not only the busy and idle throng crossing and recrossing the river, but below, on a great greensward, hundreds of youths and maidens engaged in exercise.

It is as if one were peeping into the old Sparta. For the lads are stripped to the waist, barefooted, running, throwing the javelin and the discus, leaping, and every once in a while, hurling themselves into the river, diving and swimming. Their skin is bronzed, and as they emerge from the water and play in their games their skin glistens like sculptured bronze.

For me, at least, compared with the manner in which we have been content in this country to take our pleasure and organize our sports, there has been a perpetual "Hyspa" in Berne. When it is announced, therefore, that a gymnastic festival and exhibition, lasting for two months, will be held in Berne, I am eager in expectation. We in this country have been educated to community singing, but we have yet to learn the value of community gymnasia.

The gymnastic festival in Berne will be held on August 1 and 2, and again on 22 and 23 of the month. There will be cycle races, international football matches, boxing, horse mastership, fencing and athletics of all kinds.

Not least in interest will be the wrestling matches and displays. In all the history of Swiss sport wrestling has been a favourite pastime. Each village and every valley has produced, for countless years, its wrestling tournaments. Hardy mountaineers and lusty peasants vie with each other in the winning of the championship of the valley, which leads, not unoften, to the hand of the most desirable village maiden.

Berne itself is eloquent of Swiss national life and custom. The closely built houses stand in massive rows, like a great fortress, on the high peninsula on the green waters of the Aar, which surrounds it on three sides. The quaint arcades, which shelter the pavements on either side of the streets in which play the famous and historic fountains, run under the first storey of all the houses, giving to the town an unusual aspect which is one of its chief charms.

The striking feature of the town is that but a few steps take one from old streets that have not changed since the Middle Ages to broad, new thoroughfares, lined with buildings which are the very last word in modern luxury. The vivid contrast is more interesting because the old and the new have been kept in perfect condition, an example to town planning.

The town is set in the midst of unforgettable beauties the sinuous line of the Aar, the blue and purple tints of the far-reaching pine forests, the tender green of the beech and other woods, and beyond and above all, the glimmering white peaks of the snow mountains. Berne is the gateway to these highlands, the portal which opens up the valleys of the Grindelwald, lying at the very foot of the glacier beneath the towering Jungfrau; and those of Interlaken with its twin lakes of Kandersteg and Lauterbrunnen.

A stroll through the streets of the old town forces the stranger to stop every few minutes, charmed by an artistic, brightly coloured coat-of-arms over a doorway, by the dainty rococo scrolls of a window grill or a round bay window quaintly hung, painted, and carved.

The Kesslergasse, with its buttressed medieval buildings and Gothic fountains bearing figures of warriors carrying floating banners, will hold one for an hour. These strolls round the old part of Berne carry the visitor far away from the rush and bustle of the present, and seem to bring back again the tranquil sedateness of a long vanished age.

Berne has already given to the visitor the medieval wonders of itself, its glistening Minster and the Clock Tower before which hundreds gather every day at noon to witness the act played by king and courtiers, mechanical, yet so true to life, while the great clock peals its hours.

Berne, too, in its setting, has given to the world the fairest gem among its capital cities. And Berne provides entertainment of every kind for the visitor, so that he who goes for two or three days may remain for all his holiday.

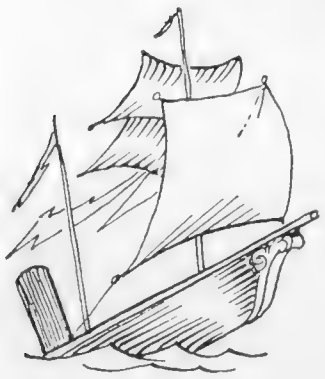
Graham Seton

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

ETIQUETTE

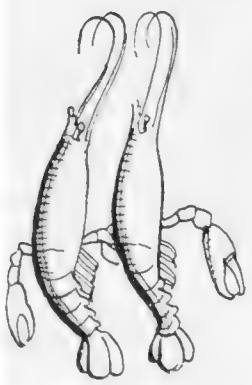
(With apologies to the author of the Bab Ballads)

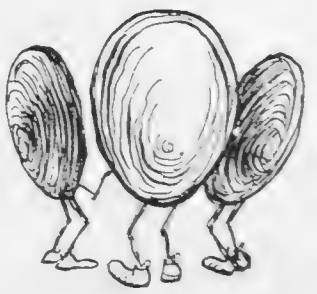


The *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo,
And only two survived of all the passengers and crew;
These fellows, SMITH and BROWN, till they were cast upon the shore
Of the island that they landed on, had never met before.

Without an introduction, it was, naturally, not "done"
For either of these gentlemen to greet the other one;
And so, without a syllable escaping them, they pieced
The island out between them—SMITH the west, and BROWN the east.

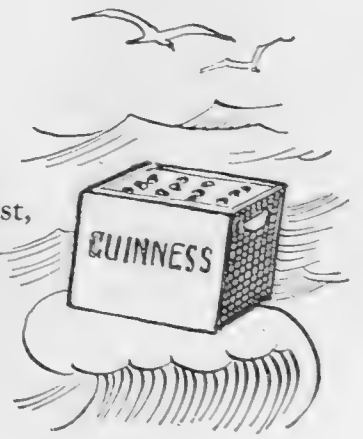
The lobsters on the west SMITH didn't care for in the least,
While BROWN disliked the oysters that abounded in the east;
Each would have liked to "swap" his unappreciated fare,
But etiquette forbade it, so, of course, they didn't dare.





One day SMITH overheard his fellow-castaway exclaim
"By JOVE, I'm simply longing for a GUINNESS!"—and the name
So dear and so familiar back in England long ago
Made the forming of a friendship absolutely *comme il faut.*

They soon became like brothers, and would sit and talk at length
Of GUINNESS and its creamy head, and how it gave one strength;
And so they cheered like billy-oh, when one day they espied
A crate of GUINNESS washed ashore and left there by the tide.



Now BROWN's got GUINNESS, he enjoys the oysters from the west,
And SMITH consumes a lobster with a GUINNESS and much zest,
And thus they praise the beverage to which these joys are due—
"With lobster, or with oysters—GUINNESS is good for you!"

GUINNESS is good for you

G.E. 163

Why wait

For the mains? They may never be laid near your house. Even if they are it does not necessarily follow that a Public Supply would be a paying proposition for you.

With the latest type of crude oil engine electricity can be generated at a price with which the Supply Companies with their heavy overhead charges cannot compete. A private plant has the following additional advantages:

A steady light and a constant pressure at all times.

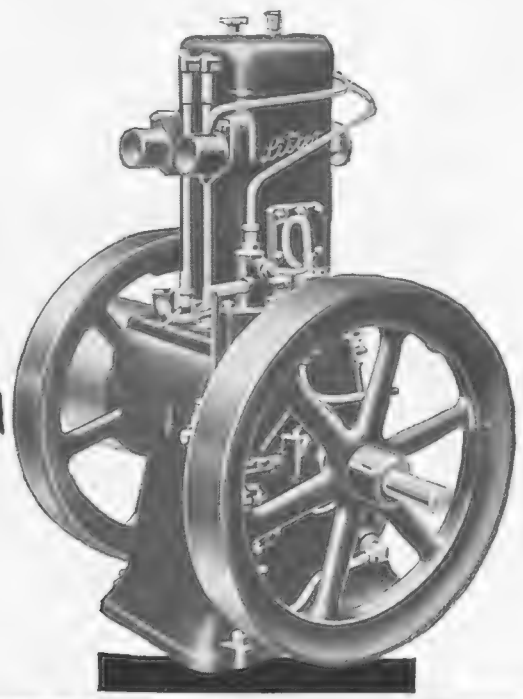
Freedom from interruptions due to strikes or breakdown.

Direct current at a safe voltage.

A modern plant is automatic in action, the attendance required being negligible.

Let us advise you without obligation on your part. Our Engineers will visit any part of the British Isles.

Many of our installations erected 30 or 40 years ago are still giving entire satisfaction.



Write for Catalogue No. 80.

DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.,
36, GROSVENOR GARDENS,
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1

29, Piccadilly, Manchester. 51, Waterloo St., Glasgow.
105, High St., Winchester. 20a, Bedford Circus, Exeter.

LONDON'S LATEST LUXURY FLATS: The new block of eighteen luxurious apartments, erected on Bell Moor, Hampstead, near which no building is permitted

NOTES AND NEWS

HIGHER THAN ANY LONDONER HAS EVER LIVED BEFORE

Bell Moor is a new block of eighteen flats on the summit of Hampstead Heath. Those who live at Bell Moor have a unique home, for Bell Moor is not only higher than any Londoner has ever lived before, but no further building will ever be allowed on this famous beauty spot. From the windows of Bell Moor the whole of London spreads out in panorama, with the hills of Kent and Surrey easily visible, and the beauty of seven English counties making an enchanting view.

Yet this residential triumph for Londoners is but twelve minutes from Mayfair by car. Striking accommodation in each flat is the result of personal concentration on all details of modern and future requirements.

The principal features include Vita glass in all windows; central heating and constant hot water; ample power and lighting points in all rooms. Sitting-rooms have coal fireplaces. Solid mahogany doors and oak flooring. Garages on premises, internal communication by telephone to porters and garage. Great thought has been given to the bathrooms, which are artistic in colouring and all fittings are of the latest pattern. A special feature has been made of the kitchens which are large, light, and tiled throughout and fitted so as to meet even the most exacting needs. Cooking can be done by gas or electricity, and a refrigerator is installed and run at no cost to the tenant, and owing to the unique planning all domestic work is lightened, dust-catching ledges being entirely eliminated. Accommodation: Lounge hall, two sitting-rooms, six bedrooms, three bathrooms, kitchen, scullery, large storeroom, larder.

Rents range from £750 to £950 inclusive. As there are, and can be, only eighteen flats in all, applications should be made at once for full details by those interested to Ernest Yates, Ltd., Brook Street.

TEA

A notable pamphlet has just been produced by Mr. G. H. Harden which relates several facts concerning tea from a medical viewpoint. It is not generally known that there are, for example, more cases of tea, than of alcoholic, poisoning. The delicate China crops are harmless, but the coarser growths are by no means so. Coarse and heavy tea with its high proportion of tannic acid is responsible for a great deal of nervous and digestive trouble. Good black China tea, however, brings none of these evils in its train.

"The Doctor's China Tea," prescribed by many physicians, is one of the few brands that are really healthful. A black China tea was recommended by the late Sir Andrew Clarke, M.D., and successive expert dieticians; it also has a flavour, attractive even to those who do not, as a rule, care for China tea.

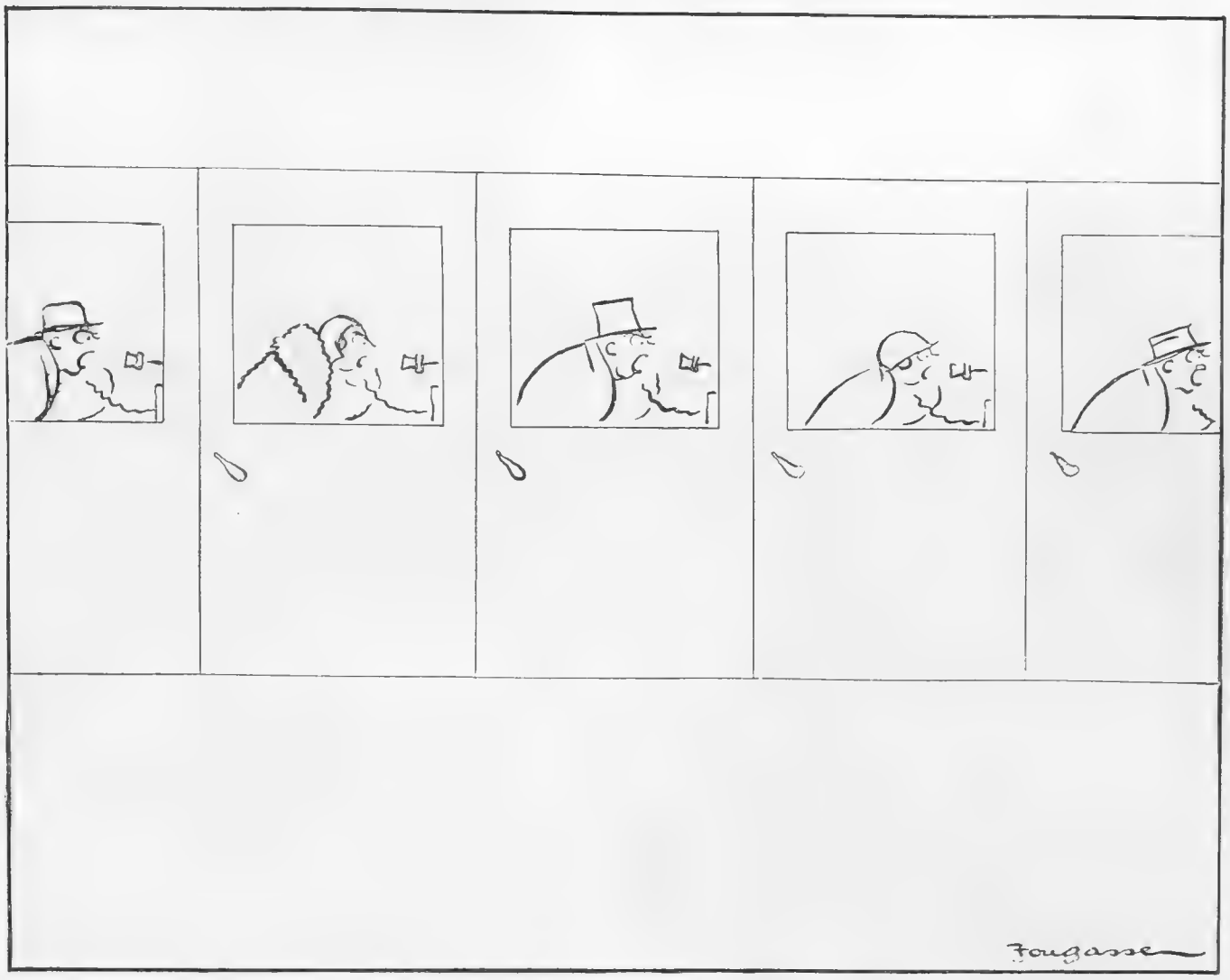
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby in his report on his inspection of the Newport Market Army Bands School, which is one of the branches of the above Society, states that in the parade movement under arms the marching was good, and the salute very good. Gymnastics and physical training were good and very well executed, while the swimming and water sports were very good. The Field-Marshal further states that he was favourably impressed by the smart appearance and demeanour of the boys; by their keenness and interest in their work, and that the system of the School is evidently sound, with efficient instruction and supervision. This work is in urgent need of funds, and a special appeal is made to readers of "The Sphere." Please send your gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

COCKTAIL TIME IN AN ISLAND PARADISE: An apéritif after the sea-and-sun bath at Madeira, puts the coping-stone on the edifice of a perfect day. Special summer tours for children are run by the shipping companies at so reasonable a cost that entire families can afford the holiday

LONDON

WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

MEANS OF COMMUNICATION

London's Communications: these, now that the streets are so impossibly congested, are mainly carried on by telephone, or through the post.

If all the letters posted in London during one day were placed end to end, they'd stretch from the G.P.O. to Norwich (though, fortunately, this is not often done, as many letters are not intended for Norwich anyway); while, if all the time spent by the average Londoner every day with a telephone receiver biting into his ear was placed end to end, it would stretch to more than 24 hours, or, at all events, it would seem like it.

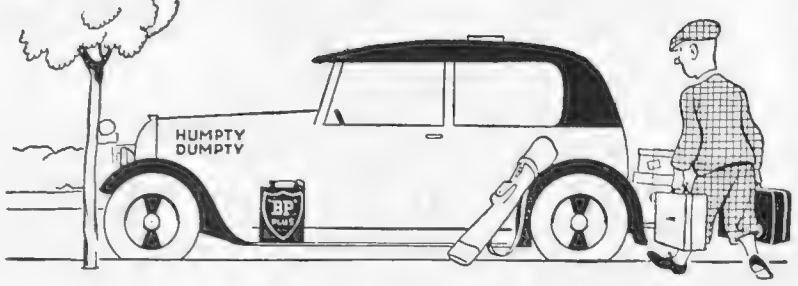
And what a world of romance there is in the telephone; when the bell rings, it is, as it were, a summons from the unknown to answer we know not what: when it rings, it may be, in short, a message from anyone (though usually it isn't).

No visitor should leave without, at all events, having a shot at the telephone —it plays such an important part in the life of this great city, this London, where—wait till I find the number . . . yes, Regent 0783 . . . where ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

'BP' RHYMES OF THE ROAD



Humpty Dumpty stood in the road,

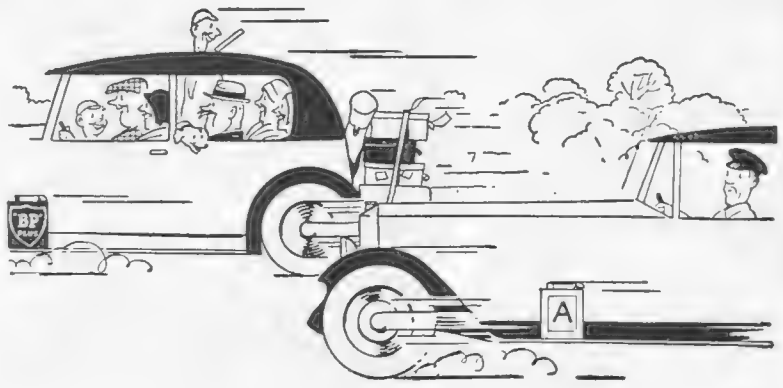
Humpty Dumpty had a great load.

But on the King's Highway

cars bigger than he

Couldn't pass Humpty—

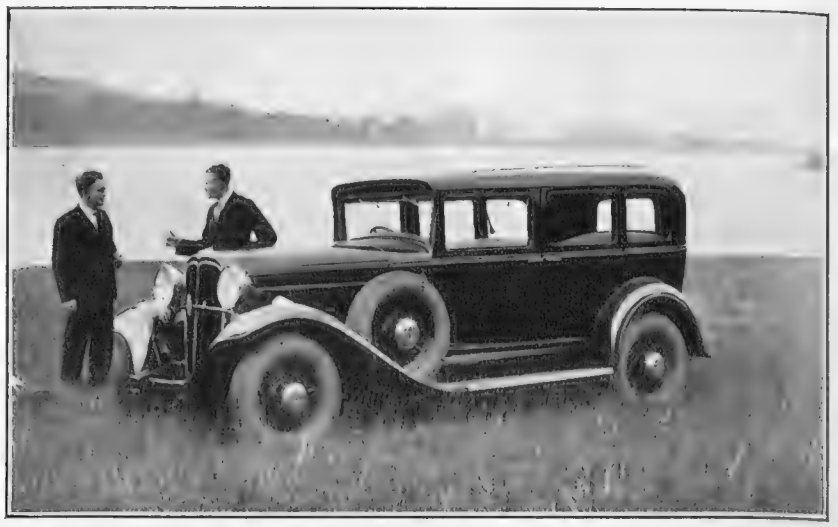
he used Plus 'BP'!



The blue 'BP' plus *definitely ensures*:— instant starting + amazing acceleration + more M.P.G + fullest power + wonderful hill-climbing + freedom from pinking

66 BP 99 PLUS

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.
BRITISH PETROLEUM CO. LTD., BRITANNIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2
DISTRIBUTING ORGANIZATION



A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD: A very distinctive Willys Knight Sleeve Valve Six Saloon. The 27-h.p. engine develops 87 b.h.p. Silent running is a special feature of the construction of the power unit

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

ACCIDENT RETURNS. — It was very refreshing to learn that the official returns of motor accidents which have taken place since the passing of the new Traffic Act show a substantial decrease on the number reported during the similar period when the old twenty miles speed limit was in force. Everyone who agitated for the motoring reforms which have been brought about by Mr. Morrison will examine these recently published figures with real satisfaction, but the kill-joys and the false-prophets who could see nothing but streets running with blood when the limit was abolished should, if their conscience allow them, feel very small. Hearty congratulations are first of all due to Mr. Morrison, who not only had the courage of his convictions but who also was able to persuade Parliament to agree to his views. In some quarters the Mobile Police are given credit for the decrease in the accidents, but I am not certain that this is due to them for any action on their part. If they are wisely directed their influence must grow, and as time goes on their efforts will undoubtedly result in even greater improvements as each quarter goes by. At the same time I must confess that the mere fact that we have Mobile Police throughout the country has had a salutary effect on the more irresponsible type of motor-driver. The fear that one of the members of the Mobile Police Force may be round the corner or may catch him up has undoubtedly held him in check. In time this wholesome fear will disappear unless it is kept alive by well-directed action on the part of the new force. I understand that an unnecessary number of cases of alleged careless driving have been brought by the police, and this is perhaps due to the fact that a conviction in such cases is comparatively easy to obtain. Once again I make the suggestion that a little attention should be paid to the pedestrian who walks carelessly and many times dangerously, thereby causing unnecessary accidents, and, if the worst does not happen, probably subjects innocent parties to risks which might have had disastrous results.

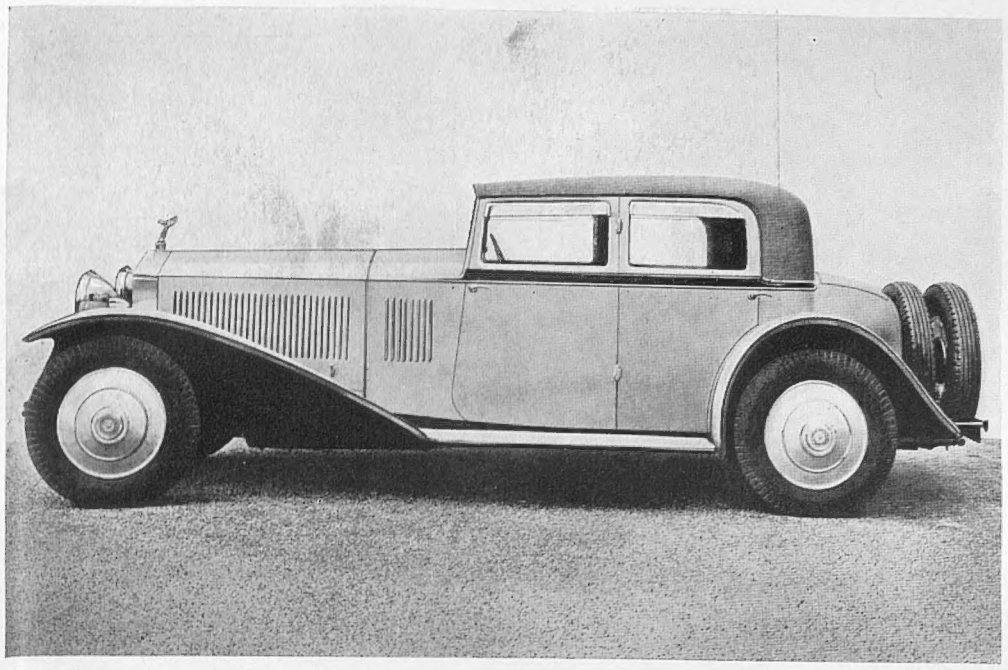
My observations prove to me that the average animal such as the dog, cow, or cat has to-day greater instinct of preservation of life where roads are concerned than the average human being.

THE A.A. FORGES AHEAD.— The other day I attended the annual general meeting of the Automobile Association and there learnt that the membership is rapidly approaching the half million mark. Already the claim of the A.A. to be the largest motoring organization of the world is more than substantiated, but when they reach the mystic figure of half a million they will have achieved something which no one in their wildest dreams thought possible when the A.A. was originally started. It does not seem to matter whether trade is good or bad, for the increase in membership of this organization carries on at a satisfactory rate each year.

At an informal luncheon after the meeting, Major Stenson Cooke, the secretary, was duly congratulated on the satisfactory results of the past year. In his reply he very truly remarked that no matter how good an organizer a man may be, or think he is, he can achieve nothing without a staff which is loyal and devoted to the cause for which they work. Major Stenson Cooke was perfectly right in this statement, but he forgot to mention that one of the chief qualities of the good organizer is to gather round him such a staff. The fact that the A.A. has such workers at its command is merely another feather in the secretary's cap.

THE DAZZLE QUESTION. — The Ministry of Transport draft regulations dealing with anti-dazzle will receive a practical trial at a demonstration to be organized by the R.A.C. in September next. The demonstration is being organized in connection with the International Illumination Congress which takes place in this country from September 1 to 18. The Congress is held under the auspices of the International Commission on Illumination, and the whole of the arrangements are in the hands of the National Illumination Committee of Great Britain and the Illumination Engineering Society. A demonstration in connection with automobile lighting has been decided upon by the British Sub-Committee on Head-lights, and because of its wide experience in such matters, the R.A.C. has been asked by the General Council of the Congress to undertake the actual organization of the demonstration. In view of the interest which has been aroused by the Ministry of Transport draft regulations on anti-dazzle, it has been decided that the demonstration shall provide inventors with an opportunity to show the public how these regulations would work out in practice. It will be remembered that the regulations require that head-lights must either be temporarily dipped or be optically controlled. It is in this latter sphere that invention has been particularly active, and it is anticipated, therefore, that the exhibits in this section will be of exceptional interest. The events will not embody any competitive element, and no entry fee will be charged.

COMPETING IN THE GERMAN GRAND PRIX: The Riley which will be driven by Mr. Dudley Froy. Mr. Rupert Riley, who is responsible for the company's racing models, is seen at the wheel



40/50 H.P. Rolls-Royce
Continental
Touring
Saloon

I can only mention the tremendous acceleration and power that can be secured from this car. I am thoroughly amazed at the speed and the steady running, and can bear out your statement without the slightest hesitation, that in owning a Rolls-Royce, one possesses THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD.—*Owner's letter Reference 2033*

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 [MAYFAIR 6201]

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Quality Mated

There is almost magic in the name "Rolls-Royce"—as there is almost magic in the car. For there is built into every Rolls-Royce quality which the whole world has tried in vain to equal.

What oil shall serve "The Best Car in the World"? Rolls-Royce Ltd. choose Castrol—and who, on such a subject, is better able to judge?

Yet Castrol costs no more than lesser oils. Therefore, let it preserve your car, for to you, yours is "the most important car in the world."

C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd., *All-British* Firm, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

The GREAT BED of WARE

Purchased for the Nation by the National Art Collections Fund and Now on View at the Galleries of Frank Partridge and Sons, King Street, St. James's, en route to the V. and A.

THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF ITS PERIOD: The Canopy of the Great Bed of Ware (*circa* 1558–1603)

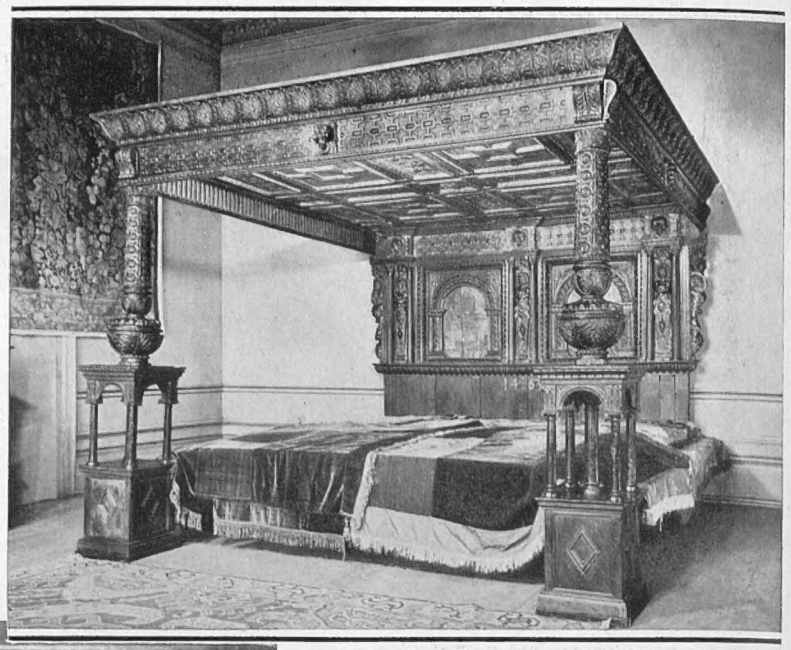
The Great Bed of Ware of Queen Elizabeth's reign (*circa* 1558-1603) is the most magnificent and wonderful example of this period. Richly carved—the headboard of the bedstead is ornamented with two large panels with circular-headed arches which are filled with an architectural design; these are framed in pilasters between carved columns; the headboard and two pillars at the foot support a heavy finely-panelled canopy, its cornice carved with bands of acanthus leaf and geometrical designs; the bases of the pillows are square with plain panelled faces, which support square open arched porches of four columns. Above the porches rise stout heavily ornamented pillars tapering upwards to the canopy, their bulbous bases bearing acanthus leaf ornament. It is very large in size, being 10 ft. 9 in. in length and breadth and 7 ft. 6½ in. in height.

It frequently figures in the literature of the last three centuries. The terms in which some early writers mention it show that at least in the seventeenth century it was of very doubtful reputation and was evidently housed in some *public* house, presumably an inn, where it would be occupied by any one who wished to do so. The earliest recorded mention which we know of this celebrated piece of furniture is contained in the Poetical Itinerary of Prince Ludwig, of Anhalt-Köhten, who visited this country in 1596.

Shakespeare mentioned the Bed in *Twelfth Night*. In 1765 the Crown Inn was being demolished and the Great Bed found a new home at the Saracen's Head Inn opposite. Sixty years later Byron mentioned it in *Don Juan*.

At Christmas, 1839, the Great Bed figured in the pantomime at Covent Garden.

It was still at Ware when Chambers, in his *Book of Days*, gave a short article and illustration of it in 1869. In 1870 it was still at the Saracen's Head, when Cussans published his *History of Herts*. Soon after, the proprietor of the Rye House purchased it, and placed it in a building in his grounds as an attraction for visitors, where it has remained until the present day. Until recently it was in the ownership of Messrs. Christie, of Hoddesdon, and the bed was sold with the Hoddesdon Brewery in 1927 to the Cannon Brewery Co. Ltd., of London, out of whose possession it passed on June 29, 1931, to the present owners, Messrs. Frank Partridge and Sons, Ltd., London, *en route* to the Victoria and Albert Museum.



BOUGHT FOR THE NATION: The Great Bed of Ware which is square—10 ft. 9 in. in length and breadth; it is, however, only 7ft. 6½ in. high

**"At Ware was a bed of dimensions so wide
Four couples might cosily lie side by side
And thus without touching each other abide"—*Translation***

LAND CRUISES

1931

First-Class Rail and Road Tours of England and Wales

EVERY MONDAY up to SEPT. 21st
SIX-DAY TOURS, 12 GUINEAS

1 Oxford, Gloucester, Wye Valley, Hereford, Cambrian Coast, Vale of Llangollen, Shrewsbury, Shakespeare Country, &c.

2 Torquay, South Devon, Dartmoor, Cornish Riviera, Land's End, Plymouth, &c.

3 Bath, Cheddar Gorge, Exmoor, "Lorna Doone" Country, Clovelly, Westward Ho, Torquay, &c.

4 Chester, Bettws-y-Coed, Swallow Falls, Pass of Llanberis, Snowdon, Lleyn Peninsula, Shrewsbury, &c.

EVERY MONDAY up to SEPT. 14th
THIRTEEN-DAY TOUR, £26-0-0

Bath, Cheddar Gorge, Exmoor, "Lorna Doone" Country, Westward Ho, Torquay, Clovelly, South Devon, Dartmoor, Cornish Riviera, Land's End, Plymouth, &c.

First Class Rail, Motor Coaches, Hotel Accommodation.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY WILL ACCOMPANY EACH TOUR TO SUPERVISE THE ARRANGEMENTS

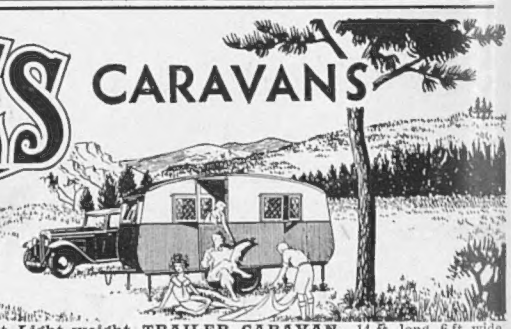
Write to the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, for all information.

JAMES MILNE, General Manager.

Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2

ECCLES CARAVANS

The Ideal Holiday



THE ECCELITE No. 10.—The Latest Light-weight TRAILER CARAVAN. 14 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, **£165** complete. Accommodates Four. Towed easily by 11·9 h.p. Divides into two compartments at night with panelled door. Attractive Interior. Buoyant Mattresses. Solid Panelled Leaded Windows. Roof Ventilation. Safe and Efficient Cooker—Utensils held rattleproof in cupboards. Large Draining Tray and Bowl. Extra Large Hanging Wardrobe. Large Roof Lockers. Built to facilitate the fitting of a Lean-to Tent.
Write for Booklet "K" to:—WORKS, STIRCHLEY, BIRMINGHAM.

Sporting Bronzes

EVERY SPORTSMAN appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At The Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Guineas.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *July* 25, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

WEEK-ENDS
—AT—
LE TOUQUET

A SPECIAL RETURN SERVICE
will run every MONDAY MORNING until September 14th inclusive (and on Tuesday, August 4th instead of Bank Holiday), as under:—

ETAPLES	.... dep.	8.33 a.m.
BOULOGNE	.... dep.	10. 0 a.m.
FOLKESTONE	arr.	11.30 a.m.
VICTORIA	....	***arr. 1.40 p.m.***

Back in time for Business!

WEEK-END FARES:

	1st CLASS	2nd CLASS	3rd CLASS
London to Etaples ...	67/1	47/11	35/9
London to Boulogne ...	60/6	43/6	33/2

NO PASSPORTS REQUIRED.

Auto-Car Services
Saloon Cars run between Boulogne and Le Touquet—Paris Plage in each direction.
Seats may be reserved at Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1.

Full details of train and boat services from
CONTINENTAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, VICTORIA STATION, LONDON, S.W.1. Call or write.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

The better half...

There's nothing very romantic about the places where most of us have to work, so it's all the more necessary that the place we spend our holiday in should be full of romance.

Scotland is full of it and Scotland is the best place of all for those of us who get a holiday but once a year.

There are some fine stirring things to be seen in the Border country, but up in the Highlands the names, the scene, the accent of the people, the air and the very light in the sky combine to make a Scottish holiday stick in the memory like a rise of salary.

Try it this year, and you will need no persuasion next.

The journey to Scotland over the L M S line is part of the holiday; fast trains, fine coaches, a smooth track and cheap fares make it attractive to all.

Illustrated Guide, No. 16, Post free 3d.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS. *This year Holiday Return Tickets with generous concessions far in advance of anything previously offered are available for your holiday. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" from any L M S Station or Town Office, or direct from Divisional Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, N.W.1; New Street Station, Birmingham; Hunt's Bank, Manchester; or Central Station, Glasgow*

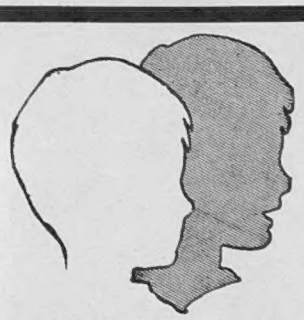
Tourist Tickets— May to October. Cheap Week-End Tickets throughout the Year

L M S

Stay at L M S Hotels

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices. **C. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.**



Turning pale faces BROWN

SEASIDE or Country air and healthy sunshine are wonderful tonics for the poor children and weary mothers of SLUMLAND who need so much a change from dreary dwellings and close streets.

£5 will give three children and their jaded mother a fortnight's holiday.

£1.1s. will send poor mother and baby away for one week.

Smaller or larger gifts also welcomed.

PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW!

Cheques crossed "Barclays a/c Church Army," payable to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

ON HOLIDAY

You can sun-bathe, sea-bathe and play games to your heart's content and still your hair will remain immaculate and lustrous if you dress it every morning with Rowland's Macassar Oil, the perfect hair food and hair-dressing. Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road; and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post.

Enquiries should be addressed to—

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2

SUMMER DAYS ON THE MID-LAND SEA

Take a Sea Holiday on the Western Mediterranean. Come cruising in Summer-time on the "Mother of Seas" by the beautiful 20,000 ton P & O *Viceroy of India*. On board you will find pleasant society; rest; or a round of gaiety—as you will. Perfect cooking. Perfect service.

Aug. 22 and Sept. 5, Western Mediterranean. From 24 gns.

Aug. 1, a three weeks' cruise to the Baltic.

Come Cruising! Send for our Picture Handbooks:—

P & O CRUISES

(F. H. Grosvenor, Manager), 14, Cockspur St., S.W.1
P & O, 130, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
P & O, Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.

P & O Tourist Class: Australia from £70 return
P & O Sea Tours: Marseilles, etc., 14 days from £16

L.A.

THE POLICY
THAT BUILT
STUART HOUSE

"Year after year I have placed on record my faith in the integrity and fair dealing of Douglas Stuart . . . I have nothing to regret and nothing to amend in my recommendation."

Geoffrey Gilbey.
("Tattenham," The Sunday Express)

"With pleasure we repeat what we said years ago, that no complaints about Douglas Stuart have been received by us."

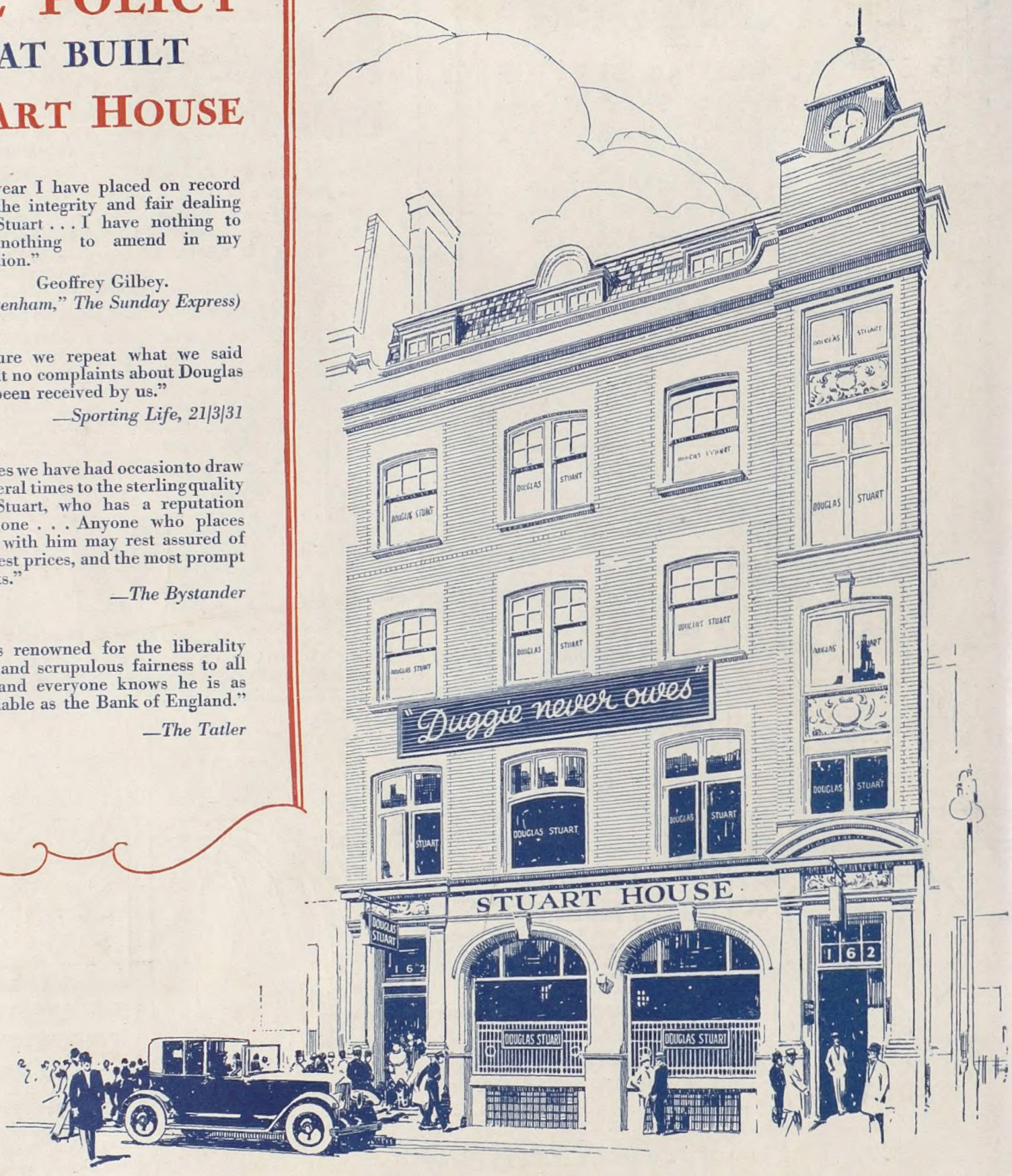
—Sporting Life, 21/3/31

"In these pages we have had occasion to draw attention several times to the sterling quality of Douglas Stuart, who has a reputation second to none . . . Anyone who places commissions with him may rest assured of getting the best prices, and the most prompt of settlements."

—The Bystander

"'Duggie' is renowned for the liberality of his terms and scrupulous fairness to all his clients, and everyone knows he is as safe and reliable as the Bank of England."

—The Tatler



Douglas Stuart Ltd.

is waiting to open an account with you.

STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *July* 25, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.